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2787



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# THE LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,  
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Vol. CCXV.

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## THE WORLD'S ADVANCE.

Judge mildly the tasked world; and dis-  
cline  
To brand it, for it bears a heavy pack.  
You have perchance observed the  
inebriate's track  
At night when he has quitted the inn-  
sign;  
He plays diversions on the homeward line,  
Still *that way* bent albeit his legs are  
slack;  
A hedge may take him but he turns not  
back.  
Nor turns this burdened world, of curving  
spine;  
"Spiral," the memorable lady terms,  
Our mind's ascent; our world's advance  
presents  
That figure on a flat:—the way of  
worms.  
Cherish the promise of its good intents,  
And warn it not one instinct to efface  
Till reason ripens for the vacant place.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

## LIFE.

White sails that on the horizon flash and  
flee,  
A moment glinting where the sun has  
shone:  
White billows for a moment riding free,  
Then gulfed in other waves that follow  
on:  
White birds that hurry past so rapidly,  
Albeit no sight more bright to look upon:  
Like you our little life: we are as ye—  
A moment sighted, in a moment gone.  
Yet not in vain, oh, not in vain, we live,  
If we too catch the sunlight in the air,  
And signal back the beauty ere we sink  
In that dark hollow men call death, and  
give  
To saddened souls that watch us on the  
brink  
A gleam of glory, transient but fair.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY.

## THE RETURN.

A little hand is knocking at my heart,  
And I have closed the door.  
"I pray thee, for the love of God, depart.  
Thou shalt come in no more."

"Open, for I am weary of the way.

The night is very black.

I have been wandering many a night and  
day.

Open. I have come back."

The little hand is knocking patiently.

I listen, dumb with pain.

"Wilt thou not open any more to me?

I have come back again."

"I will not open any more. Depart.

I, that once lived, am dead."

The hand that had been knocking at my  
heart

Was still. "And I?" she said.

There is no sound, save, in the winter air,  
The sound of wind and rain.All that I loved in all the world stands  
there,

And will not knock again.

ARTHUR J. SYMONDS.

## A LIGHT WOMAN.

She had as many loves as she had follies,  
And all her light loves sang her praises;  
But now, beneath a tangle of sea-hollies  
And pale sea-daisies,  
Here at the limit of the hollow shore,  
Folly and praise are covered meetly o'er.

We will not tell her beads of beauty over;  
All that we say and all we leave unsaid  
Be buried with her now; since there's no  
lover

But scatters on her bed  
Pansies for thoughts, and woodruff white  
as she,  
And, for remembrance, quiet rosemary.

Here is the end of laughter, and here  
wither

Sorrow and mirth; here dancing feet  
fall still;

Here where the sea-pinks flower and fade  
together,

Even at the wind's wild will.  
Ah! lull her softly in her quiet home—  
She was your sister, Sea, and light as  
foam.

NORA HOPPER.

From The London Quarterly Review.

THE TREATMENT OF DISSENT IN  
ENGLISH FICTION.

For the first example of a Dissenter in English prose fiction we shall have to go as far back as the "Pilgrim's Progress." The Dissenter is primarily the Individualist; the man who follows the Inward Light, as against the tradition of the elders, and that voice of the multitude which may or may not be the voice of God. Dissent stands for self-reliance—for self-assertion, if you will; it may mean either a narrow egotism or a great faith. It is the magnificent trust in God of Cromwell or Whitefield or Gordon; it is also the spirit in which David Deans, looking round with complacency on the whole of the religious public of his time limits the true fold to "Johnny Dods of Farthing's Acre, and ane mair that shall be nameless." Ignorance, climbing over the wall into the King's Highway, is a Dissenter in the bad sense; Christian is a Nonconformist in the City of Destruction and among the booths of Vanity Fair.

From the Revival of Learning right on to the French Revolution and the great Reform Bills that brought about a less sensational but no less momentous revolution in the history of our own land, the triumphs of the human spirit have been the triumphs of Individualism. The right of every man to speak the thing he believes as truth and worship God in the way that commends itself to his own conscience, the triumphs of free speech and free thought, the pulling down of barriers and elimination of privileges—these have been the watchwords of social progress until late years. The movement may be said to have begun with Peter before the Sanhedrim, and to have been renewed by Luther in his conflict with the pope, and his world-famed utterance before the great emperor at the great Diet. The tide at present seems to be setting in a different direction. The charm of historic association, the bond of historic continuity, the prestige of an ancient tradition, are being invoked to support

reaction; and the religious forces which made the Reformation, the Puritan Revolution, and the Evangelical Revival, are, in some sense, on their trial. There is a strong tendency towards collectivism in society, and towards unity—or uniformity, at any rate—in the Church; and every organized religious body feels the double call to justify its existence to the historic sense, and to that yearning for conscious corporate life which has replaced to a large extent the formula of Newman's earliest religious experience, "Myself and my Creator."

But, without looking forward to the Nonconformity of the future, we may consider what reflection the Nonconformity of the past has thrown on that mirror of our English life which we call fiction. We shall look for those traits of outward dress and manner that marked off Dissenters from the mass of their fellow-citizens, with a tolerable certainty of finding what we seek. A Quaker dress, a Methodist bonnet (when the Methodist bonnet was a distinct species), a Salvation Army jersey, is within the mark of the casual storyteller. What is more rare and more valuable is a sympathetic presentation of the "true inwardness" of Nonconformity, of the type of mind and character, the sort of human society, that produces Dissent, and is produced by it.

Let us get back again to our starting point, the "Pilgrim's Progress." If Bunyan's hero is not a Dissenter there is no meaning in words. He dissents from the whole system of things in which he finds himself, from the society of which Mr. Worldly Wiseman is a representative, from the Church that claims the services of Mr. Legality, and from the public opinion represented by the chatter of Mrs. Timorous and Mrs. Bats' Eyes on each other's doorsteps. The man's conscience is awake, he has suddenly become aware of God, as a living spirit striving with his spirit. The Church speaks to him as to one in an organized body, with symbols, institutions, ceremonies. But all these, however valuable, however essential,

mean little or nothing to the man on whom the weight of God's anger lies heavily, whose whole nature is longing to feel the reconciling touch of the Divine hand on his spirit. In that struggle everything stands apart, away from the man and his God; nothing can or ought to hinder the direct immediate access of the spirit to the Father of spirits.

This tremendous conception imparts a new seriousness, a new value, a new dignity to life. The humblest may be a king and priest of God, the highest can be no more. Wherever English Dissent has kept anything of the spirit of its origin, it has been marked by this awed consciousness of unseen realities.

Give me to feel their solemn weight

wrote the Methodist poet, and the aspiration lies at the root of the Puritan consciousness.

It is marked by the sense that it gives of the dignity of humanity. Bunyan and his fellows believed that the humblest man or woman might be the channel of divine grace to his neighbors. They may have been wanting in reverence for places, rites and offices; but they knew how to reverence the temple of the Holy Spirit in their brother man. In one of the loveliest passages of his autobiography Bunyan has told us of the three poor women whom he heard speaking together, as they sat at their cottage door, of the love of God and the grace of Christ, and of the longing that came upon him, as he listened, to enter into their joy. This is the key to much that has scandalized, and to much that has amused the average man in the public ministrations of Dissent. But the man whose mind is saturated with the thought of the sovereignty of God, His power to choose the channels of His grace where He will, and the priestly privilege of all who receive Him, will see nothing strange in receiving the spiritual ministrations of ignorant and unlettered men, provided that their work carries with it the signs and sanctions of Divine truth and power.

With these principles in our minds,

we can better judge to what extent the English novelists of the reign have apprehended the social phenomena which are collected under the term Dissent.

The two greatest names in Victorian fiction will not detain us long in this connection. Thackeray mentions a Dissenting minister in the circle of Mrs. Hobson Newcome, the banker's wife, in Bryanston Square. The good lady was a devotee of the "Clapham sect," for which Thackeray seems to have had very little liking, but which, though it was not unfriendly to certain forms of moderate Dissent, was itself a highly respectable school of Evangelical Churchmanship. The reference is so slight as hardly to be worth dwelling on. The society which Thackeray depicts, literary Bohemian on the one hand and Clubland on the other, is not a suitable soil for the growth of the plant we are considering.

Nor did Dissent come much in Dickens's way. The egregious Mr. Stiggins is hardly a case in point. He no more represents the class of Nonconformist preachers than Sequah represents the profession of dental surgery. He is the begging friar of the nineteenth century, with his laziness, his greed, his hypocrisy, and the coarse, boisterous satire of his chronicler is the modern version of the mediæval ditties, that told how

The monks of Melrose made good kale  
On Fridays when they fasted,

with other peccadilloes of the barefooted brotherhood.

There is very little material for the student of Dissent either in the East-end, according to Dickens, or the West-end, according to Thackeray. It is most at home in the middle-class life of the Provinces, and accordingly we find, in the works of the great novelist who won her first successes in that field, some of the most thoughtful and accurate studies of Dissent. Those who want to understand what Nonconformity was and did in the first half of the century, will not go far wrong if they take their impressions of the Methodist evangelist

from "Adam Bede," and of the political Nonconformist from "Felix Holt."

George Elliot was greatest in portraying the life that she knew in her youth. In that large, slow, capacious intelligence of hers, an impression had to lie latent for years before it yielded all there was in it; and the seed that gave its harvest in the portraits of Dinah Morris, the Bedes, Rufus Lyon and Silas Marner, was sown in her earliest years. The example and experience of her Methodist aunt had a lasting effect upon her character and genius. The consequence is, that in Dinah Morris she has given for all time an exquisite picture of that developed God-consciousness, that intense feeling of personal responsibility, and that "passion for souls" which are the bequest of Puritanism to the religious life of the nation. It does not disturb Dinah that she is only an ignorant mill-girl. Cannot the Lord choose His instruments where He will? Her account, given to the rector, of how she came to preach, has often been quoted; it will bear quoting again:—

It was one Sunday I walked with brother Marlowe, who was an aged man, one of the local preachers, all the way to Hetton Deep—*that's a village where the people get their living by working in the lead mines, and where there's no church nor preacher, but they live like sheep without a shepherd.* It's better than twelve miles from Snowfield, so we set out early in the morning, for it was summer time, and I had a wonderful sense of the Divine Love as we walked over the hills, where there's no trees, sir, as there is here, to make the sky look smaller, but you see the heavens stretched out like a tent, and you feel the everlasting Arms about you. But, before we got to Hetton, brother Marlowe was seized with dizziness that made him afraid of falling, for he overworked himself sadly at his years, in watching and praying, and walking so many miles to speak the Word, as well as in carrying on his trade of linen-weaving. And when we got to the village the people were expecting him, for he'd appointed the time and the place when he was there before, and such of them as cared to hear the Word of Life

were assembled. . . . But he felt as he couldn't stand up to preach, and he was forced to lie down in the first of the cottages we came to. So I went to tell the people, thinking we'd go into one of the cottages, and I would read and pray with them. But as I passed along by the cottages, and saw the aged and trembling women at the doors, and the hard looks of the men, who seemed to have their eyes no more filled with the sight of the Sabbath morning than if they had been dumb oxen that never looked up to the sky, I felt a great movement in my soul, and I trembled as if I was shaken by a strong spirit entering into my weak body. And I went to where the little flock of people were gathered together, and stepped on the low wall that was built against the green hillside, and I spoke the words that were given to me abundantly. And they all came round me out of all the cottages, and many wept over their sins, and have since been joined to the Lord. That was the beginning of my preaching, sir, and I've preached ever since.

Equally characteristic of what was best in the Methodist movement is Dinah's yearning over Hetty on the evening of her departure from the Hall Farm, and her method of finding guidance may be paralleled from many passages in the journals of the Evangelical leaders:—

Her imagination had created a thorny thicket of sin and sorrow, in which she saw the poor thing struggling torn and bleeding, looking with tears for rescue and finding none. . . . Dinah was not satisfied without a more unmistakable guidance than those inward voices. There was light enough for her, if she opened her Bible, to discern the text sufficiently to know what it would say to her. She knew the physiognomy of every page, and could tell on what book she opened, sometimes on what chapter, without seeing title or number. It was a small, thick Bible, worn quite round at the edges. Dinah laid it sideways on the window ledge, where the light was strongest, and then opened it with her forefinger. The first words she looked at were those at the top of the left-hand page. "And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck and kissed him." That

was enough for Dinah, she had opened on that memorable parting at Ephesus, when Paul had felt bound to open his heart in a last exhortation and warning. She hesitated no longer, but opening her own door gently, went and tapped at Hetty's.

One of the sweetest sketches in the same artist's "Scenes of Clerical Life" is that of the White House with its charming old-fashioned garden, and the ancient pair who inhabit it, all touched in with that quiet sunshiny breadth and ease of handling which soothes one after the restless trickiness of too much modern writing.

In his boyish days Mr. Jerome had been thrown where Dissent seemed to have the balance of piety, purity, and good works on its side, and to become a Dissenter was to him identical with choosing God instead of mammon.

Well, sir [he tells his friend] I lived at Tilston, and the rector there was a terrible drinkin', fox hunting man: you niver see such a parish i' your time for wickedness: Milby's nothing to it. Well, sir, my father was a working man an' couldn't afford to give me any eddication, so I went to a night school as was kep' by a Dissenter, one Jacob Wright; an' it was from that man, sir, that I got my little schoolin' an' my knowledge of religion. I went to chapel wi' Jacob: he was a good man was Jacob, and to chapel I've been iver since.

One of the points seized in this sketch is the influence, not only religious, but educational and social, which Nonconformity exercised in the days before the Anglican Revival. The man who "got religion" under the influence of the Nonconformist preacher got at the same time, generally at least, a wholesome ambition and thirst for knowledge. The early Methodist read the *Arminian Magazine* and the *Christian Library*, which was always something. In a later generation the awakened Nonconformist often joined a Mechanics' Institute. People do not realize how much Wesley did to promote the movement in favor of cheap literature which has attained such proportions in our own day. In spite of all our

boasted progress, the hymns of Watts and Doddridge and Charles Wesley appeal to a far higher intellectual standard than the ditties of the modern mission hall.

Perhaps the best thing in George Eliot's very unequal novel of "Felix Holt" is her portrait of the little Independent minister, Rufus Lyon. Usually, when a novelist represents a Dissenting minister of more than common gifts, he is pictured as fretted beyond endurance by the smallness and meanness of his surroundings, and hopelessly in subjection to his deacons. George Eliot's minister is a man too much occupied with great thoughts to care whether or not he is welcomed into what calls itself the "society" of his town; too unworldly to feel the temptation of subservience for the sake of a temporal advantage.

To many respectable Church people old Lyon's little legs and large head seemed to make Dissent additionally preposterous. But he was too short-sighted to notice those who tittered at him—too absent from the world of small facts and petty impulses in which titterers live. With Satan to argue against on matters of vital experience as well as of Church government, with great texts to meditate upon, which seemed to get deeper as he tried to fathom them, it had never occurred to him to reflect what sort of image his small person made on the retina of a lightminded beholder. The good Rufus had his ire and his egoism, but they existed only as the red heat which gave force to his belief and teaching.

The picture belongs to a day when Dissent still labored under civil disabilities; and when the struggles for civil and religious liberty ran in the same channel. So we find Mr. Lyon politician as well as preacher, quite ready to defend himself for uttering such names as Brougham and Wellington in the pulpit by references to Rabshakeh and Balaam.

Charlotte Brontë gives us nothing on our subject but a vignette or two etched with extraordinary vigor, and with that gift of visual presentation



that marks everything she wrote. Her graphic power in presenting, for instance, a noisy Methodist prayer-meeting is as noteworthy as her inability to get at the true inwardness of it, or of anything else that did not touch her somewhat narrow sympathies. She is the clergyman's daughter in her appreciation of the conventicle; she is the governess in her descriptions of English social life, and she seldom frees herself from the limits of her circumstances; her field of vision is always limited, now by the horizon visible from the schoolroom, and now by that which bounds the outlook from the rectory. Take this passage:—

Briar Chapel, a large new raw Wesleyan place of worship, rose but a hundred yards distant; and, as there was even now a prayer meeting being held within its walls, the illumination of its windows cast a bright reflection on the road; while a hymn of a very extraordinary description, such as even a very Quaker might feel himself moved by the Spirit to dance to, roused cheerily all the echoes of the vicinage. The words were distinctly audible by snatches, and the singers passed jauntily from hymn to hymn and from tune to tune with an ease and buoyancy all their own.

"Oh, who can explain this struggle for life,  
This travail and pain, this trembling and strife,  
Plague, earthquake, and famine, and tumult and war,  
The wonderful coming of Jesus declare."

Here followed an interval of clamorous prayer, accompanied by fearful groans. A shout of "I've found liberty." "Doad o' Bill's has found liberty" rung from the chapel, and out the assembly broke again.

"What a mercy is His, what a heaven of bliss,

How unspeakably happy am I,  
Gathered into Thy fold, with Thy people enrolled,  
With Thy people to live and to die."

The stanza which followed this, after another and longer interregnum of shouts, yells, ejaculations, frantic cries,

agonized groans, seemed to cap the climax of noise and zeal. . . . The roof of the chapel did not fly off, which speaks volumes in praise of its solid slating.

Mrs. Oliphant, in spite of her own statement that she knew nothing about Dissent, devoted two of her most popular books to pictures of life in a Dissenting community. It is worth while to look at them for a moment, for they reflect, if not any very exact knowledge or profound study, at least the general notions of a large class of people on the subject with which they deal.

The first postulate with which the writer starts is, that a young minister of any intelligence and education, coming as pastor to a small Nonconformist church, must of necessity be devoured by discontent with his lot, and by anxiety to make his way into the society which his views and his occupation would naturally close to him. This is the case with Arthur Vincent in "Salem Chapel," with Horace Northcote in "Phoebe, Junior." That any young man in this position could be so moved by the spirit of his office, so anxious for the souls of his people, so interested in his pastoral work, as to have neither time nor thought for the gossip of Grange Lane, never seems to occur to her. And then we are called on to sympathize with these young men in the treatment which they receive at the hands of narrow-minded office-bearers. To the dispassionate reader, on the other hand, it appears that the deacons are not quite fairly dealt with. Horace Northcote comes to Carlingford as a young Boanerges of the Liberation Society, and makes his *début* as a public speaker by an ill-bred personal attack on one of the resident clergy. That the courteous and friendly treatment which he receives from the object of his attack should soften the bitterness of his polemics is all very well, but when it comes to his spending all his available time in dancing attendance on the rector's daughter, and the consequent neglect of his ministerial duties, we cannot but feel that Mr. Tozer, the buttermilk man, and Mr. Pigeon, the family

grocer, are not unreasonable in their complaints.

But the grievance with Mrs. Oliphant, and with other novelists who attempt to depict the life of Dissenting communities, is that such men should have anything to say at all in such a matter. They are never weary of insisting on the humiliating position of dependence in which the Dissenting minister stands to his flock. Mrs. Oliphant brings together the young clergyman, Reginald May, and the young pastor aforesaid, Horace Northcote, on the common ground of Mr. Tozer's parlor. The worthy Tozer is abject in his demeanor to the clergyman, whom he regards as a being of a loftier race, while he treats Northcote with the easy offensive patronage of the man who pays the piper and calls for the tune; and this, as the novelist points out, though the Nonconformist is as well-bred, and as well-born, as the Churchman, to say nothing of being considerably better off. The household of the minister lives in incessant dread of the opinion of the "flock;" the minister himself dare not call his soul his own. He cannot preach out his message from a full heart, without considering first what will be thought of it by some cantankerous but wealthy pillar of the "cause;" he cannot take an independent, manly line on any question, for fear of a deputation of infuriated deacons, guiltless of "h's," and bearing about with them the atmosphere of the small shop, descending upon him and proposing to cut off his salary. Any one who knows much of Dissent would recognize the amount of exaggeration that there is in this view. In many Nonconformist Churches—as, for instance, the Methodist Churches—the direct pecuniary dependence of a certain pastor on a certain congregation does not exist; and, even in the Churches where it does, it is not more likely to affect the man of courage and character than the despotism of the local squire to affect the spirit of the village clergyman. No profession is beyond the

temptation of truckling to those who hold the purse-strings. The artist may be tempted to flatter the patron, and the author to pander to a depraved public taste; the man of science may be led to sell his knowledge, and the political aspirant his honor. In the Church of England, it is true, the beneficed clergyman enjoys the freehold of his benefice, but it is otherwise with the unbeneficed mass of the clergy; and in all cases there are the various parochial good works dependent on voluntary contributions. Do all these stand outside the humiliating necessities which weigh so heavily, we are told, on the Nonconformist pastor? There is a powerful scene in Anthony Trollope's novel of "Barchester Towers," which represents Archdeacon Grantly on his knees by the dying bed of his father the bishop, and unable, even at that solemn moment, to compose his mind to the thoughts that befit the occasion, because he fears that the government may be out of office before the bishop expires, and thus he will lose all chance of being nominated Bishop of Barchester. This appalling conflict of feeling, in the heart of an honest and kindly-natured man, springs from a temptation, which is spared at any rate to the humble pastors of the Voluntary system. As to Dissenting ministers receiving too little respect or consideration from their flock, the general tendency, we believe, is rather the other way. The minister, if he be a worthy representative of his profession, has a double claim on the regard of his people; he represents to them the authority both of conscience and culture; and, on the whole, is more in danger, in his youth especially, of being spoiled by undue adulation, and elevated to the position of a sort of oracle, than of being trampled under foot, and having all the manhood crushed out of him, by illiterate office-bearers.

The minister in any of the Protestant Nonconformist churches claims no supernatural distinction from his brethren. Nor does he claim the privi-

lege of a higher social rank. Since the introduction of a more democratic element among their congregations has largely destroyed the latter ground of superiority among the clergy of the Church of England, they have fallen back on the former. But the Baptist or Methodist, or Congregational pastor claims to be, not the overlord, but the servant and the representative of his flock, leading their devotions; admitting to the Church on their behalf, as their solemnly-appointed minister, the new converts; and administering in the same capacity the Memorials of their Redemption. More than this, he believes himself to have received a special call from on High to the care and guidance of souls, and to the proclamation of his Master's message. All this, however, does not invalidate the right of the Church to which he ministers through its representative meeting to take an active part in its own government and management. And any one who knows anything of rural life in England must recognize how largely the capacity for local self-government has been trained by the important part in Church government which the laity of each congregation are called upon to play. Indeed, as Guizot pointed out long ago, the training of English Presbyterians and Non-conformists to bear a share in the government of their Churches, had much to do in preparing the people of England—without passing through any such Revolution as that of France a hundred years ago—for asserting and working out their civil and religious freedom, and their national self-government. Brother Tozer and Brother Pigeon may be open to caricature, but there is an aspect of their functions which is not without dignity and significance.

Miss Adeline Sergeant, author of that very powerful and painful book, "The Story of a Penitent Soul," writes of Nonconformity with considerably more knowledge and sympathy than her brilliant compeer. The gloom and self-righteousness into which Puritan-

ism may harden the soul are vividly sketched in Stephen Dart, the minister, while full justice is done to the backbone of rectitude in the man, as shown in his stern yet genuine kindness to his erring sister. In one little scene this "dour" nature is effectively contrasted with the peculiarly radiant saintliness which marked some of the shining lights of the more liberal Evangelical school—I mean the one in which Father Spring, that winning type of the Methodist preacher, expresses his wistful longing for the experience of "perfect love;" while his brother minister replies, with great self-complaisance, "Oh, I have known it from such an hour," quite unregardful of the observant child in the corner who is reckoning up his small domestic sins.

In her clever story, "Esther Denison," the same writer depicts the development of a girl, "brought up a Methodist," who leaves her parents' Church, not so much on account of any doctrinal difficulty, as from a longing to be in the current of things, to be in the movement, to have a share in what is going on. Such a feeling was more comprehensible in the days when Non-conformists were shut out from the universities and from public life and practically forced back upon a narrow and retired existence, than it is at present. Nowadays a Dissenter has practically the same chance as any other man of being "in the movement" if he cares to use it. A woman in a small provincial town or watering-place may find her social horizon somewhat circumscribed by the fact that she goes to chapel instead of to church, but this "light affliction" is the last survival of the disabilities to which our fathers submitted gladly for sake of principles which were vital to them, whatever they may be to their descendants.

The series of books published under the name of "Mark Rutherford" throws some interesting side-lights on the village Dissent of fifty years ago. The central figure is a youth, brought

up and educated in an effete type of Calvinism, who first enters the ministry of his own Church, then becomes a Unitarian preacher, and, finally, sickened with the fruitless negations of the lately adopted system, throws up his position for that of a clerk in a London office, and, gradually, in the midst of his painful struggle for daily bread, wins his way back to faith in the revelation of God in Christ. The author has given a study of the half-educated hypersensitive young man, with his high aspirations, his hunger for affection, his yearning for light, his constant humiliating consciousness of inefficiency, which is painfully arresting in its unadorned sincerity. The autobiography of the hero is a most melancholy, most suggestive piece of work, homely in its expression, delicately subtle in dealing with the refinements of the moral life. One remark, which he makes in connection with a fellow-struggler, might well be applied to himself.

One reason, as may be conjectured, for his mistakes, was his education in Dissenting Calvinism, a religion which is entirely metaphysical and encourages in everybody a taste for the most tremendous problems. So long as Calvinism is unshaken, the mischief is often not obvious, because a ready solution taken on trust is provided, but when doubts arise the evil results become apparent, and the poor helpless victim, totally at a loss, is torn first in this direction and then in the other, and cannot let these questions alone. He has been taught to believe that they are connected with salvation, and he is compelled to busy himself with them rather than with simple external piety.

Readers of Mrs. Stowe's charming and too much neglected study of New England life, "The Minister's Wooing," will remember how the whole of the society described is absorbed in theological problems. At social gatherings predestination forms the main topic, and even the farmer's wife, as she kneads up the dough, keeps open on the kitchen table beside her, "Edwards on the Affections." We need

not insist in this place on the good done by the Reformation leaders in throwing the field of theology open even to "the wayfaring man;" but, in casting on the individual the weight that used to be borne by the Church, the new movement placed a heavy burden on feeble minds and sickly consciences. Salvation was no longer attached to the performance of certain ritual acts in connection with an organized community; it depended on that conscious act of the individual known as faith. Similarly, the conscientious Protestant could no longer accept the teaching of an infallible Church; on him lay the onus of giving a reason for the faith that was in him. This is the glory of the Reformed movement; but, like every step in human progress, it claims its victims; the morbid and the feeble "cannot let these questions alone," and are too often crushed by a pressure that they have it not in them to bear.

These books teach the much-needed lesson that formalism is not confined to certain Churches; that revolution from ritual may evolve a ritual of its own, quite as soulless as anything it superseded; and that no branch of the Church of Christ can afford to rest on its laurels, or to go on "in the strength of yesterday's faith, hoping it will come back to-morrow." There is nothing so helplessly dead as the fossilization of a movement that has once been intensely spiritual. New life may be breathed into ancient forms; but when the revolt against formalism has itself become stereotyped, what hope is there?

This is his description of his theological education:—

The theological and biblical teaching was a sham. We had come to the College, in the first place, to learn the Bible. Our whole existence was in future to be based upon that book; our lives were to be passed in preaching it. I will venture to say that there was no book less understood either by students or professors. I see the president now, a gentleman with lightish hair, with a most mellifluous voice, and a most pastoral manner, read-

ing his prim little tracts to us, directed against "the shallow infidel," who seemed to deny conclusions so obvious that we were certain he could not be sincere. . . . We used a sort of Calvinistic manual, which began by setting forth that mankind was absolutely in God's power. The author then mechanically built up the Calvinistic system step by step, like a house of cards. Systematic theology was the great business of our academical life. We had to read sermons to the president in class, and no sermon was considered complete and proper unless it unfolded what was called the scheme of redemption from beginning to end. So it came to pass that about the Bible, as I have already said, we were in darkness. It was a magazine of texts, and those portions of it which contributed nothing in the shape of texts, or formed no part of the scheme, were neglected. In after years . . . the Bible was really opened to me, and became what it is now, the most precious of books. The society among the students was very poor. Not a single friendship formed then has remained with me. They were mostly young men of no education, who had been taken from the counter, and their spiritual life was not very deep. In many of them it did not even exist, and their whole attention was absorbed upon their chances of getting wealthy congregations or making desirable matches . . . I cannot call to mind a single conversation on any but the most trivial topics, nor did our talk ever turn upon religion, so far as it was a thing affecting the soul, but only upon it as something subsidiary to chapels, "causes," deacons and the like.

But that even under such a system, and with such teachers, the peace of God may descend upon the soul of the truly earnest seeker after God, is made clear in the sequel of the story. Let us quote the experience of one of the members of the small Calvinistic meeting-house, of which so unattractive a description is given in the opening pages of "Mark Rutherford:"—

During almost the whole of her married life, Mrs. Butts had had much trouble. She was much by herself, and she naturally turned to the Bible. In the Gospel of St. Luke she read that she was to hope for nothing again from her love, and that

she was to be merciful, as her Father in heaven is merciful. That is really the expression of the *idea* in morality. Christ always taught it, the inward born, the heavenly law, towards which everything strives. . . . It must be admitted, too, that the Calvinism of that day had a powerful influence in helping men and women to endure, although I object to giving the name of Calvin to a philosophy which is a necessity in all ages. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?—and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." This is the last word which can be said. Nothing can go beyond it, and at times it is the only ground which we do not feel shake under our feet. All life is summed up, and due account taken of it, according to its degree. Mrs. Butts' Calvinism, however, hardly took the usual dogmatic form. She was too simple to penetrate the depths of metaphysical theology; and she would never have dared to set down any of her fellow creatures as irrevocably lost. But she fully understood what St. Paul means when he tells the Thessalonians that, because they were called, therefore they were to stand fast. She thought with Paul that being called, having a duty plainly laid upon her, being bidden as by a general to do something, she ought to stand fast; and she stood fast, supported by the consciousness of fulfilling the special orders of one who was her superior. There is no doubt that this dogma of a personal calling is a great consolation and a great truth. Looking at the masses of humanity, driven this way and that way, the Christian teaching is apt to be forgotten that, for each individual soul, there is a vocation as real as if that soul were alone upon the planet.

This has been a long digression which I did not intend; but I could not help it. I was anxious to show how Mrs. Butts met her trouble through her religion. The Apostle says that "they drank of the spiritual Rock which followed them, and that Rock was Christ." That was true of her. The way through the desert was not annihilated; the path remained stony and sore to the feet, but it was accompanied to the end by a sweet stream to which she could turn aside, and from which she could obtain refreshment and strength.

Some of the most brilliant of our



short story writers have dealt with Nonconformity in various parts of England as one of the elements of local color in which they are so prodigal. In several of "Q's" clever and fantastic sketches we are made to feel the part that it plays in the life of the Cornish fisherman or miner, with his strange mingling of austerity and passion. The same may be said of the pictures of West-country life in the novels of the two Kingsleys and of "Lucas Malet." In the tales of that gifted young writer, H. D. Lowry, the religious element has even a stronger place. Few things in the kind of literature to which it belongs are more exquisite than his story of the brave and faithful woman whose devotion had saved her husband from the madhouse. He had never been much but a drag on her superior energy, we gather:—

he was hardly ever asked to give his experience in class-meeting, and no one attended very closely when he did speak. On the still rarer occasions when he was called upon to pray, his utterances were a mere excuse for devout exclamations on the part of all the others. He did pray, certainly, but John Pendry helped him out so often with cries of "Ah, that's true," "Amen, Lord," that David's voice was lost entirely. No incivility was intended; it came natural to a strong man who saw David in a place of responsibility to hurry to his relief.

Then he goes on to describe the gradual weakening of the poor fellow's intellect, until at last he comes home "mazed," hopelessly imbecile, to the day of his death.

Ten years later, Betty lay dying, and to the lady who sat with her, she told, for the first time, the story of those two awful years. It happened in this way. She was enumerating the great and manifold mercies vouchsafed to her throughout her life; and, as the current of thankfulness welled up in her, she broke silence and spoke of God's crowning mercy, and how He had granted her strength through those dark years, to save her husband from the horrors of the workhouse.

It is the mission and the glory of the writer of fiction not to improve on the facts of life, but to do justice to them, to see and reveal to an unobserving world the virtues and heroisms of humble souls like this. It is their task to discover the soul of beauty, the significance and power, that may lurk in things so hopelessly common to the casual eye as even the village chapel, which was only a cottage in the beginning, but where the people who worshipped in it, from generation to generation, learned the secret of strength, having "at the root of their natures an awful faith in God."

A leading Victorian novelist has summed up the essence of Nonconformity as "a desire to be better than one's neighbors." This reduction of all the varied movements of the different Churches outside the Establishment to "pure cussedness" has its comical side. It evidently does not occur to such critics that there can be any difference in religious matters for which any sensible man would sacrifice the comforts and advantages of Conformity. "The grasp of the truth on us, that men are willing to die for," has no significance for them; and that those whose fathers endured the loss of all things for the sake of a compelling belief, should feel bound to stand by their creed and respect their memory, is also "not dreamt of in their philosophy." To such minds Dissent as a field for serious fiction—for anything that transcends the caricature of certain superficial peculiarities—does not and cannot appeal.

No one disputes the picturesque quality of the village church. What a subject for the artist or the poet is that venerable grey tower, that roof spotted with the lichen stain of centuries, the carved effigy of the Crusader in the chancel niche within, while all about in the still churchyard, under the solemn shade of immemorial yews,

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The bare, unsightly, barn-like meeting-house comes badly off in compar-



ison. Yet even this, rightly viewed, has a poetry of its own. Whether it be the plain brick building, grimed with city smoke, built in a back street in the persecuting days, when to be seen entering it was a crime, or whether it be some village sanctuary on a Yorkshire or Lancashire upland among the stone-dyked fields,—it represents an amount of humble sacrifice and devotion known only to God. Many silent tragedies have been enacted within those whitewashed walls; and, through the homely worship of the place, hundreds of simple souls have learned, in the exquisite phrase of the Belgian mystic, "to turn into beauty the little things that are given them." It is surely no mean vocation to interpret lovingly and truly, as many of the ablest among our younger writers are doing, the joys and sorrows, the temptations and consolations of these hidden lives, to which, perhaps, most of us owe more than we ever suspect of our own prosperity and peace.

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From the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.  
WITH ALL HER HEART.<sup>1</sup>

BY RENE BAZIN.

Translated for the Living Age.

CHAPTER VII.

As the afternoon wore on, and when the seemingly interminable dinner was at last over, Master Loutrel went down to the Loire to rescue some bow nets which he feared would be carried away by the flood; while Henriette, Marie, Etienne and Gervais, who was beginning to affect the society of his elders, went up and along the bank, and had now been lounging for almost an hour, under a group of three poplars, which cast a changeful shadow, and whose roots were submerged in the stream. Etienne and Gervais lay full-length upon the grass, while Henriette and Marie squatted Turk-fashion,

and all four were watching intently and almost in silence the hurried proceedings of the mowers in the meadow beneath them.

Ten peasants in a slanting line, were mowing with perfect regularity, each one cutting, as it were, a step in the long stair they were mounting. Simultaneously they swung their scythes and bent their backs, and withdrew their blades with the same circular swing from the grey swathes they left behind them, while ten steel-points flashed all at once in the air. They had been doing this for a week, their knees on a level with the flowers and seeded heads, while the women raked behind them, and plied their carts with the barely fallen grass. But for all their breathless toil, it became more and more evident that they would not have time to complete the harvest. Only a half had as yet been mown of the immense prairie which stretched away toward a line of low hills seamed with hedgerows, and now they were coming to that lower land, which the waters must soon cover. The Loire was making its way through channels among the reeds and marsh-plants, and would presently be upon them.

"There's ill-luck in every business," said Etienne, sentimentally. "The women are almost beaten."

"How do you know that?" Marie demanded.

"Because they have left off talking, and keep looking at us. They'd like us to help them."

"Oh, they would! Do they help you pull in your nets?"

They all laughed. Henriette, a little, the others, loudly. Their merriment was wafted across to the tollers, and some of the men paused for a second or two.

"I'll go presently, if it comes to that," said Etienne, grown suddenly grave. "We have our hard times too. The fish in the river is falling. Eels we still find in plenty; but the carp and tench and perch—it's hard, I can tell you, wringing your living out of them. Do you know what I do, Mlle. Henriette? Every morning, after I have taken in

<sup>1</sup> Copyright by The Living Age Company.

the nets and lines, I load my boat with vegetables, and take them to Nantes, along with the fish." From under the parasol which made her fair skin look yet fairer, while her eyes were half shut on account of the heat, the girl inquired:—

"Where do you take them?"

"Down St. Sebastian way, to Gibraye. you know; and then I go to the port of Trentemoult, just opposite your house; but you are never there."

Henriette's eyes laughed between the half-closed lids. "Why, how do you know?"

"Because I look!"

"Then you must see badly. my good Etienne! Every single morning before I go to the shop, I open my window, and breath the fresh air, and meditate a little. Absolutely every morning when it is fine!"

The mowers were becoming very anxious. Each time they paused to whet their scythes, they cast an inquiring glance down the gentle slope of the meadow, to the bottom of the shell-like depression, where they were struggling so valiantly, then bent forward and mowed faster, like those who count their minutes. It was daily labor no longer, but a tragic haste, and a sort of rage against those elements which are stronger than man. Wealth was vanishing. The faces dimly discernible and brown with dust, the precipitate movements, the curt commands of the farmer, the oaths of the carters who took away the green grass, contrasted strangely with the peace of the declining day.

"But you're not idle yourself, Mlle. Henriette," resumed big Etienne. "You sew from morning till night."

"No, but I trim hats. The forms are all made ready, and then I arrange the ribbon and lace and flowers. I have to think how, and then do it. It is not easy."

"I should say not!" said the fisherman with an admiring gaze, as though she had been a goddess descended upon the Mauves meadows. "And does nobody say, 'Do this! or Do that!'"

"No."

She felt a glow of pleasure over the simple compliment of Etienne, and over the humble tenderness which she divined. "No, Etienne," she said. "If you begin to copy at our place, you are lost. One must have invention, and a sort of *chic* in the fingers, which does not come to every one."

Etienne was like the soldiers and other common people of the Loire district—he hated to own himself mystified. When he had to express himself about things he did not quite understand, he used rather large words to which he did not attach a very precise meaning. They signified that he was somewhat at a loss, but too polite not to feign interest. Withdrawing from his lips a grass-blade he had been chewing, he remarked gravely: "That's an affair indeed! It must require thought."

"I don't know how you do it," interrupted Marie. "I might learn to copy in time, but invent, I never could."

The parasol in Henriette's hand turned a quarter-circle. She always felt it stimulating to talk about such things.

"You must try! An idea comes—you don't know from where—and it sticks to you, like a fish to one of Etienne's hooks. There are good days, when you have ten bites at a time; and there are bad ones when you don't have any. It depends on the mood. When I am happy everything comes easy. To see a wedding, or the folks coming home from the races, or a fashion-book, or an exhibition of paintings will set me thinking. I think it is youth that does the rest. Nothing will make up for that. The imagination must be fresh. And then there's a certain style—you know what I mean Mlle. Marie! Now at Mme. Louise's they are good at designing, but we at Mme. Clémence's are colorists—"

Etienne could no longer follow her. His eyes had grown dull, as a peasant's will from tension of thought, and they wandered from Henriette to the forest of the unmown grass, watching with a sort of dumb wrath the duel between

the mowers and the stream whose treacherous character he knew so well.

All at once he lifted himself upon his elbows with a cry: "There it is! Look!"

By hidden channels and insensible slopes, the Loire had reached the middle of the meadow. "Go ahead!" shouted the fisherman excitedly, flinging out his arm. "The river laughs at them! In half an hour it will all be a lake! It rises faster than it did three years ago, eh, Gervais?"

The red-haired boy, who was already rolling up his trousers, answered gravely, "I think so."

A shriek from the women sounded over the unmown grass, and died away in the vast green silence.

"The flood!" They were calling for help to save the last cart-loads. The two Loutrels were off at the top of their speed, trampling down whatever came in their way. They made a *détour* and were soon among the men and women collected in the narrow space where the mown grass yet lay upon the ground. The scythes were still, but rakes and forks were in motion, and from their post of observation Henriette and Marie watched the end of the harvest drama.

The triumphant Loire was crushing the tall grass, levelling it more rapidly than the steel blades had done, twisting off the seeded heads which left their pollen floating on the stream. No one could say whence that engulfing, obliterating monster came. It made its own bed, rushing round like a wild beast. First it was one yellow marsh into which the hay-cocks crumbled. But soon, other sheets of water began to glitter right and left over the whole extent of the meadow, the grass plunged to its death, and channels of communication, fiery-red in the sunset, were formed from one pool to another. Presently the hillock on which the Loutrel cabin stood was itself cut off from the main land, and a new stream ran parallel to the Loire, down the whole green length of the landscape to the horizon toward Nantes, bearing

down on the lost harvest, with all its enormous weight of water.

Beyond it, a knot of laborers were still trying to rescue from the flood the last hay-cart, half embedded in mud. They stamped in the ooze, clinging to shafts, springs, and wheel-spokes. There was another shout, and they all bent to one last effort, while the bells of the four horses tinkled, and the huge mass of hay, overflowing the sides of the cart and trailing upon the ground, let slip from its summit detached wisps of grass; but the cart did not stir. And everywhere the same blissful serenity in the air, the infinite peace and sweetness of the twilight hour. Other folk were breathing freely, feeling happy; mothers worn out with the noise the children had made, old men taking a little drink after vespers under the wisterias that draped the inn, workmen in their Sunday best enjoying the fresh air in suburban gardens, lovers whose words became rarer, as they drew near home.

Half an hour later Etienne and Gervais came back across the flooded meadows, where the half-embedded cart now formed an island, while the mowers straggled off into the distance, leading their unharnessed horses and disappeared among the trees. Etienne found the two young girls all ready to depart.

"But how are you going to get back to Nantes?" he said jestingly. "The meadows are all overflowed."

"Oh, but I cannot stay," cried Marie. "I am going into Mme. Clémence's shop to-morrow. I'd rather tuck up my skirts and wade, as you have done!"

He did not look at her. "Don't be uneasy," he said. "I will take you both in my boat, if Mlle. Henriette will permit me." He spoke very respectfully, and Henriette, who had been digging with the point of her parasol round a bit of white clover, and who was deeply flattered by his deference, raised her head after a moment's pause and said, "Indeed I will, Etienne."

And the tall young man, his broad shoulders swaying with pleasure,

started for the break in the river-bank, close at hand where the Loutrels kept their three flat-bottomed boats. Gervais preceded him, crying out for joy, like a sea-gull about to dive.

When they came down, rowing the newest and finest of the three boats toward the cabin where Henriette and Marie were waiting for them, they put a piece of white cloth on the half-deck at the prow, so that the girls might sit down without spoiling their frocks. From the green brush-broom with which Gervais had swept the boards there remained here and there some scattered bits of leaves or flowers. Henriette kissed Mère Loutrel good-bye. Etienne, serious, absorbed in his endeavors to wield his oar gently, sculled with a few strokes to where the current met them, whence the boat was borne over the flooded water toward the city which stretched out on the western horizon.

The young girls sat at the end of the boat, close to each other. Sometimes they turned their heads toward Nantes where the sun was sinking, while the houses, the arches of the bridges, the church-spires, the factory chimneys, blended by the dusk and brought to a uniform tint stood out blue against the glowing background; sometimes they watched the meadows of Mauves ever retreating, and their eyes glanced now and then at the tall figure of Etienne, busy guiding the boat, but not too busy to meet as if by chance the eyes of Henriette, and smile at them. The heaven and the river which reflected it were alike of molten gold; but the grass was growing black and the willows no longer glistened. The last breeze was dying away. A languor was stealing over the day's decline, forecasting an exquisite night. Songs and bursts of laughter, borne over the water, grew louder in their ears. And as the travellers neared the city, they felt their joy disturbed, as if by a presentiment of its own approaching end. Etienne mused: "Will she love me? Oh what can I, a poor boatman, do to win the love of this shop-girl, who is as terrify-

ing as any great lady, and before whom I dare not open my lips?" Henriette regretted her day of freedom, now all but ended, and yielded half-unwillingly to her longing to look back, back at the low willows and the river distance which was, for her, just on the level of Etienne's eyes. Marie felt the discomfort of a stranger in the society of two persons who are lovers, or about to become so. She withdrew into herself and thought of her unhappy fate. Her thick, white hand hung over the side of the boat and she let it trail through the Loire, and as she felt the fresh sweep of it beneath her, thoughts crossed her mind of making a plunge, relaxing the strain, having done with it all. Gervais had curled himself up on the boards and was trying to sleep. Smoothly they drew near the landing stage.

Now the outline of the city had become violet against the paling sky. Beyond the bridge of La Vendée, it seemed gigantic between the golden Loire and the golden heaven, while something like a cascade of shadow seemed to fall from one to the other of its close-packed houses. From the wilderness of stone, which grew broader and higher as the boat drew near, came the indistinct noise of voices, footfalls, the roll of wheels. Nearer, still along the banks, poor people wandered two by two, with a flower tucked in waist or button-hole, who turned gay faces toward the broad river, and called out:—

"Take us in; we're tired!"

In front of the little inns, the Beau-Soleil, Mon Plaisir and Robinson, under the arbors covered with wisteria blossoms, men lifted their wine-glasses and stretched them out to the boat which bore the fisherman and the two girls of the people.

So unknown friends greeted you poor creatures passing by! And they were right. Their lifted glasses, their loud hail or their mute envy did homage to the country from which you were returning, the glorious river along which you passed so swiftly, the beauty of the evening; to that dream or

yours at which they guessed, being, like yourselves, creatures of toll, who have but one bright day, and who know how sweet it is to come back from the open country, young among the young, sad with past laughter and the sight of the dying day. What then is the mysterious sign which is set upon lovers so that from afar even the dull soul is stirred and recognizes them, though they do but glide past and immediately vanish?

Tall Etienne, with a turn of his oar against the current, sent the boat to the right down the arm of the Loire, which passes through the centre of the town, beneath the walls of the Château de Bouffay. Houses, factories, the railway station lined the stream. A cloud of hot dust rose, and turned pink where above hill and roof the sun met this exhalation from the tired and trampled earth. The boatman, upright, sculled on, his dreams forgotten, perfectly safe, though he seemed otherwise. He was looking for a place to land. The quays were dark and the eddies swift. He had to throw himself forward and clutch an iron ring to which he made haste to fasten the boat. Henriette uttered a little cry as the boat keeled over, but before she lost her balance, she was seized, clasped, lifted by Etienne's strong arm, and landed on the granite quay, along whose edge the water curled like boiling oil. She stepped back a little, giving her hand to Marie who was landing. He looked at her, from top to toe, and said, in a tone of entreaty:—

"Mlle. Henriette, I should like to row you on to the sea. This voyage has been too short!"

And as her answer was to stretch out her hand, he gave it a warm pressure, with the hand of a toiler and a friend.

"Thank you, Etienne."

"*Merci, monsieur!*"

When they had gone ten steps up the sloping quay, they saw the boat, out again in mid-stream, and Etienne sitting near Gervais, both bending to their oars, and pulling hard, that they might reach the cabin in the Mauves meadows before dark.

Etienne's pleasure was over. Between them and him there were already people, flying dust, night, and forgetfulness. The tie was broken. His happy day lay on him with a dead weight as he made his way up-stream. The young girls, on the contrary, tripped lightly along the streets where the Sunday strollers mingled like smoke-wreaths—Marie grown gay again from contact with the crowd of which she was after all a part, Henriette more calm, with pleasant thoughts of the morning, the afternoon, the evening now closing in.

"They're real peasants, your friends the Loutrels," said Marie.

"A little countrified. But such noble hearts! For my part, that is all I see in them."

The deep black eyes questioned the face of the milliner, who was walking on, her head raised toward the first star, which had appeared just above a hilltop. Marie feared she had vexed her. She took her arm and pressed it close as they walked.

"Tell me; you're not angry?"

Henriette answered dreamily: "Angry! Why?"

"Because we are not alike. But I love you dearly, all the same."

She went on eagerly, almost vehemently: "I want to be your friend. I'm not good for much; I shall certainly be a trial to you, but I love you. Will you be my friend?"

This time Henriette banished her dream, and said very low, "I should be glad to, Marie."

"I will tell you everything. You shall scold me, when I do wrong. I will try to be a better woman."

Their eyes met, and different as they were by nature, they were both delighted to repeat, to listen, to exchange with glance and speech the words which secretly enthralled them both. "Love me."

Just then at the corner of one of the low streets which lead down to the quays, a young man appeared, only a few steps from Henriette, recognized her, and exclaimed: "You! Well, that's the last thing I expected."



Antoine Madiot, dressed in a ready-made brown suit, with a stiff hat of the same color on his head, still proclaimed himself a workman, by his red cravat and his hands covered, not by gloves, but by a layer of steel filings, ground into the skin, and by the unrest of his expression always watching for a chance. His head, shaped like a polecat's, his cheeks seamed with fever, his over-narrow chest which had once secured his exemption at the recruiting office, proved his disorderly life. Perhaps he would have passed on, as usual, after throwing out those meaningless words at his sister, had he not noticed beside her the other shop-girl with her drab cloth collar and her great eyes, from which the prayer for love had hardly faded away.

"Out walking in style! You are generally to be found at the old man's side at this time of day."

"One of the girls at my shop," murmured Henriette. "We are on our way back from Mauves."

"Suppose I were to see two pretty girls a part of the way home? Unless mademoiselle objects?" he added, while Marie shrugged her shoulders, flattered, but not daring to speak.

He took his place at Henriette's left, and with the manner of a workman who knows he is clever, he gave a droll account of a discussion held the evening before between his "boss" and himself about a piece of artillery which had been condemned, and told how he had made the "boss" lose his temper and put himself in the wrong before the other men.

"If you had seen the old mechanics," said he, "twisting their mouths and biting their lips as they watched me, and seeming to say, 'Go it, cocky! go it! You've got right on your side!' Their eyes were blazing; you may bet your life on that! The meekness was all on the side of the other fellow, who had a strike on his hands last year, for less. As soon as it struck seven, they all gathered round me at the gate to congratulate me. I can manage them with a word."

Marie listened, and he leaned for-

ward from time to time and got a glimpse of the face of Henriette who was accustomed to his boasting, and despised it, and of that other young girl, so entirely of the people, so responsive to his hatred; he felt it instinctively, though her gaze was fixed on the rigging of the motionless boats along the side of the canal.

They were now in the deep shadow which the hills continue to cast long after sunset, and drawing near to the end of the quays. The crowd was growing less. The shop-keepers were pushing their chairs further out on the sidewalk. Still Antoine kept on talking in the same jocular style. He was now addressing Henriette personally and trying to persuade her to use her influence with Père Madiot and induce him to be more exacting about the pension owed him by M. Lemarié. In his opinion the only reason Victor Lemarié had had for stopping his carriage at the end of the street, and enquiring after the wounded man, or for sending medicine, was fear and the desire to gain time.

"He saw I took no stock in his soft speeches, young Lemarié. There he sat on his seat, feeling a fool before us. I hope Uncle Madiot will go to-morrow. Give him my message. He can't do much, unluckily. He doesn't know how to talk."

Antoine bent forward in the dark, to scrutinize the expression on his sister's face. His own wore that ambiguous look, half hate, half derision, which it often wore when he was with Henriette.

"If you would only do the asking," he insinuated in a whisper.

"Antoine!"

"It would be a sure thing. We should get the pension, and get it at once."

"You must be crazy. The matter doesn't concern me."

She drew away a little, wounded by his tone and insinuation. He burst out laughing. "Oh, Lord, yes. I knew that and only asked to make perfectly certain. Such matters don't concern mademoiselle. What does she care about others? If anything, she's ashamed of



having a machinist for uncle and an iron-filer for brother!"

He added an instant later, "And so I don't ask her to help me often."

"You make a mistake; when there is anything I can do."

"Even when I haven't a sou in my pocket, as to-day, I make no complaints."

She stopped, found her purse, opened it, "Here's the proof, Antoine," she said gently. "It is my last two-franc piece. Uncle has had to have a great deal of medicine."

The workman took the silver coin with a shrug of the shoulders. "It's disgusting to make money as you do. You always have it by you. A poor man, like me—"

Then with a wave of the hand, half in farewell, half in thanks, he turned up the Avenue de Launay, which they had just reached.

Henriette watched him disappear into the darkness and said, "Would you fancy, Mlle. Marie, that when he was little, there was nobody he was so fond of as me? He could not go to sleep unless I had kissed him."

She went a few steps further and again halted. "You see, every life has its trials."

These words of sorrow made their arms fly open. Quickly Henriette drew this unhappy sister to her heart, and felt two warm lips touch her cheeks in gratitude.

"Till to-morrow!"

"To-morrow!"

They parted. The night fell deep between them as they went, each to her own lodging.

Henriette had lifted her eyes to the star which now shone above the slopes of Miséri heavens! How we can be calmed by certain aspects of nature, moved by a waft of soft air! When Henriette was alone, she became conscious of so profound a feeling of comfort that it almost startled her and she mused half aloud:—

"What is there in this night that it should so stir my heart?"

She was not a poet, only a poor loveless girl, who longed to love. And it

was love that spoke to her; love that takes possession of us before we know his name or aspect, on whom we call unceasingly by many names, who says to our spirits: "I am beauty, joy, rest—the end of weeping."

She shivered as she leaned upon her window-bar, in the afterglow, as though something usually hidden within her—her very heart—lay open to the night. The oleander barely stirred its leaves.

"Happy those women who are loved," she thought, "happy those who have a woman to love them." All the faces of her fellow-employees passed before her, and she smiled at the thought of those who had helped her when she was an apprentice. She remembered the gesture, word or look which had touched her own proud nature. They had all had the same penetrating glance as they said in a whisper amid the bustle of the shop: "I will be your friend, if you like." Oh, the fascination and the look of thanks, and the furtive clasp of the hand, coming out from work, and the promise of mutual confidence! In those first days of her working-girl life, she remembered, most clearly of all, pale Mlle. Valentine, whom she had loved for her enormous eyes and for a kindly word let drop by her authoritative lips: "Don't tease the apprentice. She'll come off! The little thing has fingers, and wits." How much kindness on the one side, and how much love on the other! The tall girl had never in her life felt such a gush of gratitude though she could only look and not speak it. Henriette remembered having pricked her finger till it bled, just to secure Mlle. Valentine's attention and pity. She remembered having wished one day, that she might die before her door, and say with her last breath, "For you! I asked to be allowed to die that you might be happy." Oh girlish souls athirst for tenderness, of whom the best and purest are the most deceived! Henriette reviewed them. Alas, all were far away, married, dead, gone under, forgotten. Then she remembered that at this moment Marie must have

reached her home, in that world of the Rue St. Similien, a warren of the poor, beyond the great stretch of houses and factories, for the most part behind the hill.

"How came I to grow fond of her so quickly? Are these days made for love?"

The Loire shone at the points of the islands, at the prows of the great schooners which looked like shadowy spindles. Wafts of hot air came up from the neighboring streets, heavy with stale odors; there was some undeniably painful quality about it as if the air inhaled had come in contact with the mysterious principle of life, and absorbed the fatigue of human breasts, the unrest of their hearts, the moral anguish of the whole city. Again the fitful breeze came in from the wide country, and then there entered a store of love, perfume, undiminished energy which mingled with and put to flight the heavy breath of the day which was dead.

"Poor Marie! It will go hard with her: she is common; she has a taint in the blood. There are so many opportunities in our trade! But I will try. I will adopt her. I will answer for her to Mme. Clémence."

The smile of an honest girl, but well acquainted with life, glimmered on Henriette Madlot's lips and then was quenched in sadness. After all, could this new love for another girl satisfy her heart? Oh no! She was alone at twenty-four. Uncle Madlot loved her of course, but he looked at all things with the eye of an old soldier. He never could be her guide, or confidant; and Antoine hated her. No prayers or assiduities of hers had been able to win him back to their old intimate footing. The family was broken up, and it was a great weight upon her heart, on nights like this when she was thrown back upon herself.

She felt oppressed. She gazed fixedly at one particular point of the valley beyond the Loire—a field, a meadow, a mass of shrubbery; it seemed to her like something definite, and yet hidden in the dark—like the future. Then she

reflected that Etienne at least was most friendly. She thought it very nice of him to have been so modest before her, and to find so much pleasure in rowing her back to Nantes. With what admiring eyes he had followed her, to be sure!

"He certainly does like me," she said to herself. "He makes it plain enough. He is like the rest who think me pretty and feel at ease with me, because we are old friends. But he never could love me immensely, as I want to be loved—oh, never! He is almost exactly my age and then he knows that a Loire fisherman and a milliner's girl would not mate very well together. And I—could I love him? Do I love him?"

She listened in the great silence but her heart made no reply. Then she began to smile slowly, in the delicious night. No, no! her lover had no name as yet, nor face, nor voice; and yet he existed. He had been growing up in her soul ever since she was fifteen—the one who was to be all tenderness, and protect her with his broad shoulders, who would permit no insulting speeches in the street, but treat her like a great lady, and take upon himself half the troubles of her life. That was the man of her choice! And she smiled down into the darkness of the street as though she would have drawn him toward her.

She pressed her hands involuntarily against her heart, then blushed and withdrew them. "I would love him though! There is nothing I could not do for one I loved—no sacrifice I would not make. And I like thinking about him."

The cracked cuckoo-clock of uncle Elol sounded the half-hour. A child who was being whipped began to cry in a neighboring court, and she caught the sound of lagging, unsteady steps upon an outside staircase on the left toward Nantes. "That's the old Plémeurs coming home drunk as usual," thought Henriette.

The last ray of daylight, which lingered long on the horizon after it had lost its illuminating power, had now

disappeared. All the earth was now wrapped in blue shadow. A great wind, fresh as a breeze from the dunes was abroad in the valley, bringing a flavor of salt to the lips of the passer-by and causing the entangled rigging to creak impatiently.

"But what is it about this night that moves me so?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE DUAL AND THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

The Czar of All the Russias and President Faure, at a moment of intoxicating excitement, have made known to the world the alliance of the Russian Empire with the Republic. The news surprised nobody, because for several years past it had been manifest that the two governments were in agreement as to the solution of international questions.

It is waste of time now to discuss—as many of the Parisian journals have done—the date of this alliance. The alliance is actually existing; peoples and princes know it; and it is for both the States an unnatural union—for France a *diminutio capitis*, a renunciation of its military hegemony; for Europe a danger.

Czar and Republic are two terms which cancel each other; the one is the negation of the other; they are irreconcilable both in their tendencies and in their aims.

The Republic is an impersonal entity, a *jus universum*: it is liberty without a thought of coercion; it is temporary as to form, but in substance there are no bounds to its powers of progress.

The czar is more than a *person*: he is an autocrat immutable in his essence, without an equal among those who surround him; his actions may not be, nor will he allow them to be, discussed.

The terms of the alliance are not known to the public; but, whatever conjectures of their nature may be

formed, it is impossible to admit that the alliance aims at the triumph of a political principle. It would be easier for France to return to Monarchy than for the Russian Empire to become a Republic. Still less is it possible to believe that the two allies are assuming the holy mission of the redemption of nationalities: such a supposition would imply that the empire is going to start on the path of its own subversion. What the czar's opinion in that direction is, is evidenced by his bearing towards the peoples of the Balkan provinces; by the continuance of the massacres of the Armenians in Turkey; and as to Greece by the treaty just made, by which Greece is deprived of benefits granted her by the Congress of Berlin.

From the days of our youth we have ever been accustomed to regard France as the redeemer of the peoples, the standard-bearer of liberty. It is logical, therefore, that we should deem it quite natural that such a nation should have entered into alliance with England and Italy. That is a union which would at once dispel, and not arouse, distrust.

In 1869 an attempt was made to form an alliance between Austria, France, and Italy, and if this had been accomplished there was a probability that in time England would have joined the union. Beust, who was the promoter of the project, laid down as an essential condition the restitution of Rome to Italy: as the Empress Eugénie strongly objected to this, the negotiations were broken off, and Napoleon the Third suffered therefor. Everybody will remember the *mot* of the empress: she said that she would rather see the Prussians in Paris than the Italians in Rome. And she had later to endure both occupations, besides the fall of the Empire.

What will be the consequences of the Franco-Russian alliance in the event of its being put in action?

Beyond a doubt if the secret engagements of the czar and M. Faure did not regard ambitious designs, the two governments would have made the

terms of the treaty public in order to set the minds of the other governments of Europe at rest. When there began to be signs of distrust of Germany and Austria, the governments of those countries published, on the 3rd of February, 1888, simultaneously in Vienna and in Berlin, the Treaty of the 7th of October, 1879.

Since the formation of the French Republic, after the ruinous disasters of 1870, France has followed a policy of spite, and not one of principle. The sole Republic in Europe, surrounded by powerful Monarchies, France, instead of striving to improve the popular form of government, and by good example to promote its extension among other nations, has been feeding on hatred and devoting its attention to preparations for revenge. Ever mindful of the humiliation of 1870, she is ever longing for the happy day when she shall recover the lost provinces. The people of Paris, putting their own interpretation upon the treaty which M. Faure brought back from St. Petersburg, made festival on his return, with the cry "A Berlin! à Berlin!"—the very same cry which accompanied Napoleon the Third when he set out for the frontier.

On what ground of right does France base her claim to recover Alsace and Lorraine?

Is it on behalf of the right of nationality that she urges this claim? Is it because the people of the Rhenish provinces desire the change?

Alsace is German; Lorraine is of uncertain nationality.

On this subject it will not be amiss to make a brief excursus into history.

France obtained possession of Alsace in 1697, partly through intrigues and partly through success in war; but Louis the Fourteenth very soon after formed the opinion that this province was not necessary to his kingdom, and was ready to restore it to Germany after Malplaquet. He kept it, however, and expelled from French territory the Pretender to the English throne. By this ignoble act the *Grand Monarque* procured the friendship and favor of Queen Anne, who in the treaty that

was soon afterwards concluded proposed terms of peace that were less disastrous to her neighbor across the Channel than those that would otherwise have been offered.

The conquest of Lorraine is of more recent date. It was conceded to France in 1766; and to Duke Francis the Third, who had claims upon the territory, Tuscany was granted by way of compensation. This was at a period when Italy, divided up into twelve States, and weak withal, served as a place of refuge for dispossessed princes. It was the Treaty of Vienna of 1738 (the precursor of the treaty which was still more injurious for us—that of 1815) which thus disposed of the throne of the Medici.

This chopping and changing of dominions was wrought at the will of princes and rulers, and without regard being had to any idea of nationality or to the wishes of the inhabitants. In 1738, just as in 1871, it was solely the "right of the conqueror" that was the principle of the treaty; and at the present day also nothing is known to have been done which points to a need of the modification of existing treaties.

Alsace and Lorraine have now for twenty-seven years formed an integral part of the German Empire; and during this long period the inhabitants of those provinces have shown no sign of being dissatisfied with their position. At Paris the people are continually giving expression to their feelings by clamors and demonstrations, or by placing garlands on the statue of Strasbourg; but at Strasbourg and at Metz the Emperor William is cheered by the citizens whenever he visits those cities.

We Italians have other records to boast of, and we have given to the world examples of how we bear ourselves in the face of foreign occupations of our country. In 1815 the powers assembled at Vienna put our peninsula under the sway of Austria, handing over to that power the direct rule of a portion of Italy, while other parts were to be governed by princes who were merely lieutenants of Austria. Very speedily did the people utter their

protest by an insurrection against the hated tyranny of Austria, and peace was only restored when the Austrian departed from our country.

The comparison between the Italy of not long ago and the Alsace and Lorraine of to-day will show in the clearest manner the reason for the old unrest of the former and for the tranquil condition of the latter. We see, on the one hand, the inhabitants of the Rhenish provinces, who by the fortunes of war in 1871 were placed again in the fatherland that was theirs of old, show no signs of a disposition to change; on the other, a government at Paris which wants to get back these provinces, and which, not being itself strong enough to attain this end, has found an ally to help it.

In consenting to this alliance the czar has undoubtedly not acted without receiving the promise of a *quid pro quo*.

The treaty which we are discussing is the second Franco-Russian treaty of the century that is now drawing to a close. The times, however, are changed, the conditions of Europe are very different to-day from those which existed ninety years ago; very different too, are the men who rule over it.

The continent in those days, from the Pyrenees to the Vistula, from Naples to Warsaw, was under the sway of Napoleon. France had only two enemies, England and Austria; and the great emperor was in a position to propose to the Czar Alexander the division of Europe into two.

Now, however, the parts are inverted on the Continent: France is isolated, and for that reason she has had to seek after the alliance of Russia by sacrificing the principles which ought to inspire the government of the Republic. Would that this might be the limit of the mischief! But it is natural to presume that the stipulations in favor of Russia in the treaty contain a possible future danger for the liberties of the peoples of Europe.

At Tilsit Napoleon flatly vetoed the possession of Constantinople, and in the treaty of the 12th of October, 1808, signed at Erfurt, conceded only the

dominion of Moldavia and Wallachia. To-day such a concession would not be possible.

Moldavia and Wallachia no longer belong to Turkey; blended into one independent kingdom under the guarantee of the Great Powers, and wisely governed by King Charles, they offer no pretext for destroying their autonomy.

From these data the conclusion must follow that the Dual Alliance, which has its origin in unsatisfied ambitions, will bring on war.

The same cannot be said of the *Triple Alliance*.

The Triple Alliance has been a pledge of peace in Europe. In the fifteen years that it has existed it has not been the cause of any action tending to irritate other nations. The reason of this is quite manifest: not one of the three allied monarchies has any ulterior object to pursue: their interests are limited to the conservation of what they possess, and consequently to the refraining from putting their possessions in any jeopardy. And this they could do in no other way save by keeping the peace.

The Dual Alliance affords us no feeling of security, and it is no haphazard judgment of it that we express when we maintain that Europe has a right to be suspicious.

France wants the provinces which she lost in 1871; Russia, in return for her co-operation, demands dominion over Constantinople. We must not forget that in 1888 it was not Russia's fault that the peace was not broken in consequence of the election of Prince Ferdinand to the throne of Bulgaria. And we may feel proud to be able to say that in that year the initiative in the amicable compromise came from Italy.

Only one hope can arise in our mind, which is that the present alliance between the czar and the French Republic may have the same end as that of 1808 between the two emperors. The alliance arranged at Erfurt was never put into execution. Through various exigencies of government, disputes



speedily sprang up, and in less than three years Napoleon and Alexander became enemies again. It is not inopportune to call to mind that the apple of discord between the two was the re-constitution of Poland.

But in politics men do not live on hope:

*Caveant consules.*

F. CRISPI.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
THE LOVE-LETTERS OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT.<sup>1</sup>

Since an author must either in his life prove better or worse than his work, in as far as that may tend for or against an ideal conduct, it is difficult to decide which is the more graceful attitude toward posterity—to be the virtuous man or the virtuous author? The inspirer of heroic thoughts or the doer of heroic deeds? The chivalrous gentleman writing ignoble books or the selfish *viveur* living purely for sensation and writing delicate spiritual verse? We have examples and to spare on all sides. Who is to pronounce on which lies the greater amount of mischief done to one's fellows? For if the written word lives long (if written by the right pen), surely the consequences of evil deeds are not evanescent.

This is the inevitable question suggested by such reading as the veiled correspondence of Guy de Maupassant in "Amitié Amoureuse." It is no exaggeration to say that modern letters have not produced a more captivating, a more honest and altogether delightful pleasure than this volume. One looks in vain for the terrible pessimist and ignoble sensualist hitherto expressed for us in the harsh, sombre, or embittered personality of Guy de Maupassant. The correspondence is not given

to the world altogether in its unaltered state. It has been considerably arranged by the well-known woman of society to whom these fascinating, delicately flavored, and finely felt letters have been addressed. And the book comes to us in the acceptable and novel form of a double correspondence. So that we are favored with the whole drama, with letter and reply, extending over a period of years. It is emphatically two of the elect who wield for our enchantment the tenderest and most impassioned of pens, and whether it is the man who loves and is gracefully, oh, so sweetly! repulsed, or the woman who loves and is tenderly, oh, so magnanimously chidden! our sympathy and admiration never waver or diminish on either side. This is a Guy de Maupassant greater than any we have dreamt possible, because so fine, so chivalrous a gentleman, so human, so charming and sincere. His master's theory of impersonality in art was never more misplaced than in his adoption of it, since in all his brutal and magnificent work this sentimental, tender hearted, and most lovable creature is consistently withheld from us, mercilessly suppressed, or, by the very nature of his work, most iniquitously misrepresented. Another instance of the patent fact that Frenchmen are not to be judged by their fiction. In not a single page of Maupassant's long list of tales and novels have we had even the shadowiest glimpse of the man revealed in this fascinating correspondence; not a hint of a passion so delicate, so warm, so unselfish and pure as that which pervades this book. One would have thought the author responsive to nothing less gross than the assaults of sensation, while the man himself is steeped in generous and ethereal sentiment.

The letters begin immediately after the first meeting in a drawing-room, where it would appear both were bored, and consoled themselves with light literary talk. Philippe (the names are fictitious, since the correspondence is largely arranged) instinctively "obeys an impression of affinity" in writing for permission to call and bring

<sup>1</sup> I have accepted the general rumor in Paris that Maupassant is the Philippe of this delightful correspondence; but, of course, as long as the real name is withheld from the public there uncertainty.



the poems discussed. Denise is charmed by the offer in a pretty unconventional note, and this is the start of a religious cultivation of their mysterious sympathy, which, now and then, on both sides (happily at inconvenient periods, when one has not begun to love, or the other has ceased) explodes, and reveals the travail of a warmer feeling. The charm of these letters for us lies in their freshly retrospective form. The moment Philippe returns from a visit, he sits down at his desk to thank his friend for recent satisfaction, and is careful to retrace the whole scene in explaining his emotions at different moments. So we get the conversations and attitudes of the visits, as well as the feelings and the admiration of the writer, and on Denise's equally indiscreet and retrospective side we learn all that we could possibly desire to know of the delicate, the impulsive, the sentimental, and analytical Philippe. They make a delightful pair—subtle, complex, over-refined perhaps, acutely intellectual, witty and cheerful. After the first visit, Philippe writes: "How good, and pretty, and confiding, and witty you were! How grateful I am to you for consenting to be merely a woman instead of striving to be, according to the fashion, a tiresome mannikin, bent upon the psychology of love! I thank you for being gay, and I am in love with the grave way in which you poured hot water over the tea." He adds that he has discovered a neighbor quite pretty, almost intelligent, and that he is ready to embrace her because she has invited him to meet Denise at her house. Why did she insist? he asks. "Can she have guessed with that curious instinct of primitive being that I love you? Yet I have never told it to any one, not even to you." The lady mildly reproves him for this premature use of the three dangerous little words, and in Philippe's next letter the formal *madame* is dropped, and his correspondent is his "wise and dear philosopher." It must be admitted matters proceed with a remarkable liveliness of pace. In the third letter

we find Philippe analyzing his feelings, and their result upon Denise's refusal to meet him at a mutual friend's. "I have always found it ridiculous and out of place to wish to interfere in the curious play of which the author is on high. It has ever been my honest practice to repeat the text without trying to insert the least pun of my own after the fashion of actors in review, and I have found myself all the better off." Here is an example of the happy results of submitting compliantly to destiny. Denise refuses to meet him, and to console himself, without plan or revolt, he goes out for a walk. His sombre reflections instinctively guide him to Denise's door. She is at home, and is no less surprised than he to find him in her *salon*. They burst out laughing after their first startled look, he is forgiven, and they spend a happy and innocent evening together. After that she is *madame mon amie*, and he asks nothing better of life than to be led by a "blue-eyed angel," the tip of whose wings he respectfully kisses.

This is the point at which begins the eternal struggle, the eternal crisis. It says much for the inexhaustible ingenuity of mankind that there should still be left a fresh and agreeable word to be said or written upon this worn theme—still a method of attack and repulse which can wear the charm of originality. Of all forms of correspondence love-letters are the hardest reading for outsiders. Without the excessive clamor of scandal attached to the unfortunate great names of Alfred de Musset and George Sand, would interest in their love-letters, Musset's especially, have endured so long? True, a pile of literature has now gathered about that undignified correspondence, till the common pronouns *elle* and *lui* have reached the honor of a national significance, and to-day seem to mean exclusively George and Alfred. The boulevardiers will have it that a recent play, whose scene was laid in Japan, Persia, or China, fell flat because there was no reference to *elle* or *lui* in it. She and he, whose fatal passion now represents for us the eternity of a

quarrel, have posthumously entered the sordid zone of litigation, and their descendants have gracelessly quarrelled under the roof of justice over their autographs and their defences; and the last distressing picture of poor weak Musset we obtain, to our regret, since it diminishes him whose shoulders could ill bear more ignominy, and does not benefit us, is that of a maudlin questioner, with an empty absinthe bottle beside him, and in front of him two packets of letters tied with black ribbon and sealed. Which is his—that is, the letters of George? Which is hers—the letters of Alfred? Nothing could be simpler than to break the seal and cut the black ribbon. But the gifted creature has, alas! muddled his brains away, and pitifully calls in his lawyer to decide. The lawyer is puzzled, and in steps George Sand's man of affairs. Death overtakes the poet before the question is answered, and then a list of curious and interested friends rush into the fray, led to the charge by Sainte-Beuve! Lamentable and laughable spectacle! all because these two illustrious lovers thought more of the literary value of their amatory effusions than of their personal dignity; regarded themselves from the start apparently rather as the immortal dead than as the victims of inconsequent passion, and lacked humor, sense, and tact.

The fervent transcribers of "*Amitié Amoureuse*" had no less a sense of the importance of their correspondence, and years afterwards, when time has exhausted on both sides the glow of their delicate relations without diminishing the permanent friendship which nourished and sped the bloom of the warmer feeling, Philippe sends to Denise her share of this pretty romance of two *natures d'élite*, so that she may class and arrange them with his. The result is a book we cannot be too grateful for as a high revelation of heroic generosity, each the splendid ordeal of the other, and both purified and ennobled by every phase in the history of their hearts. To think that it was to Maupassant such fine lines as those

that terminate Denise's letters were addressed:—

Adieu, my friend. Thanks to you I have remained an honest woman. I bow my head, respectful and gratified, before the high sentiment that prompted you. Through you I have known the supreme felicity of love, as well as suffered its worst pangs. Ah, with my whole heart I thank you for having had the courage to keep me straight. And it is still you, my Philippe, who arm my four and thirty years, at times a little rebellious, who guide me and show me the way, indicating me new duties, a future which the mother, in her woman's coquetry, never dreamed so near.

And when she receives, as a loan, the letters he so grudgingly parts with even for a short time, she replies:—

Yes, is it not so? A few heart-beats, the best, perhaps, we have known, lies within these pages. Dear, what matter that we age when we are two, so marvelously, so amorously friends!

It is perhaps a fitting word upon the imperfection of humanity (poor frail affair, whose greatest, most lasting attraction lies, not in its virtue but in its very imperfection) that Denise, who starts the stronger, ends the weaker. She writes in the beginning: "Is the white soul of *monsieur*, my friend, quite so white as he is pleased to say? I am vaguely frightened of the surprises that spring from a too fresh friendship, and then, with or without all that, I have an unfortunate nature, very frank and very loyal, that could never accustom itself to the endurance of being ill at ease in a soul." Philippe tries to reassure her by saying that half his devotion is given to Hélène, her delicious little girl. This child plays a lovely part in the romance of her unhappily married mother. Philippe tenderly loves her, and he is her "big great friend," in a little while the nearest and dearest to her after her mother. We get glimpses here and there of popular personalities. Denise receives as friends Sully-Prudhomme, Massenet, Paul Hervieu, Marcel Prévost, Abel Hermant. We are shown

Paul Hervieu, between two morsels at dinner, asking when love ceases, and have no difficulty in imagining, without even the aid of Denise's sprightly pen, the kind of discussion that follows this ingenuous question. The literary flavor all through the book is pronounced, but not excessive. Denise continually excites her weary and indolent friend to production, quotes Maurice Barrès in reference to his "qualities of enthusiasm and bitterness." The bitterness, alas! we are too familiar with; but the enthusiasm, we own, seems a novelty. She reproaches him with taking too keen a pleasure in the society of the empty-minded wealthy: "In their heavy society you feel so intensely your own precious individuality! and then the luxury about them charms you, admitting your indifference, your idleness even." She utters, in her tender reproaches, many a wise and witty word. Quoting the brutal and sceptical Barrès on women, she exclaims: "Can you ever know how far away our hearts, our sensibilities, our tendernesses and thoughts are from the banality, a trifle heavy, which yours at times offer us, my fine gentlemen, you who pride yourselves on intellectuality, art, and idealism? . . . Ah, you were famous, all of you, yesterday, fatuous and naïve, my dear fellows, to think that while you were studying us, we, on our side, were not studying you! Could you but guess what gifts of cool analysis are often hidden behind our worst enthusiasms! What we seek is a little illusion, a few dreams. Sometimes we are lucky enough to find them; but be assured that we count you at your just value in these pretty joys which, since we cannot have them alone, we are compelled to share with you. . . . We also have our little conquering bow, and, like you, our masters, it is quite possible that we know just as well how to draw, from the common instrument that you use, sounds marvellous because they come from our own dreams rather than from you." What a study the writer of these words would have been for the

pen of a Meredith or his French brother, Stendhal!

But Philippe wins our hearts completely when we see him solemnly installed at a banquet of almond-drops, the sage godfather of Helen's new doll, christened Philippine in his honor. The letters become increasingly charming. What a pretty picture, that of the illustrious men of Paris, academicians, philosophers, and poets, sprawling on the floor round Hélène's toys, shouting, roaring, racing, seizing and squabbling over tops, windmills, Noah's arks, velocipedes! "Where's my cow?" cries Renan. "Baudry has got it—no, there's Maupassant chewing it." The great men are as greedy over the sweets as the child, and Baudry holds a big bowl for the bonbons out of favor, which he calls "the bitter bowl of the rejected." "Simple joys," Denise exclaims, "are, after all, the best." She chides Philippe for his moral and intellectual inquietude, and he bitterly replies: "Why ask me the meaning of my eternal brain-sickness?" Terrible word! written unconsciously by the future victim of an incurable brain sickness. "Can I say to my sensitiveness, cease to dwell within me? to my imagination, cease to be? My method of living consists in being without will, except in the search here and there of a few rare impressions; that is all I ask of heavy and monotonous life; my indolence is the talisman which helps me to penetrate further into joy and sorrow; I change into living works the searches and discoveries made in the souls of others, above all, in my own." Poor Maupassant! with a fate less tragic than his, could we find it in our hearts to condemn a nature, whatever his life or work, so incurably blighted from the start, so profoundly touched as his is here revealed by morbid melancholy? "I desired genius; since I have not got it, I console myself with dreams," elsewhere exclaims this writer of tales of a ferocious materialism. When ardor begins to peep out of this sentimental reverie, Denise shakes the finger of wisdom, and quotes her nurse, who used to say to her in her

bursts of affection: "Love me less at a time, Nisette; you will love me longer." But after a mild lecture, her own impulsiveness shows itself with the reassuring line: "If I argued right, what a little nothingness (*néant*) I should be!" As for him, so delicately and tenderly repulsed, he floats in the paradise of the imagination, heedless of reason, and finds the mere joys of meeting and writing and talking beyond all dreams. His "exquisite and incomparable friend" is by this all his life, his dreaming, and imagining. Not that his intelligence or his eyes are shut. He goes to a reception at the Prince of X. "None but Highnesses, except myself, reigning in the *salons* of their noble subjects." But he has had enough of princes because "those boors, never sitting down themselves, leave not only the men but the women standing like geese." His conviction is that "whoever would preserve the integrity of his thoughts, the independence of his judgment, see life, humanity, and the world as a free observer, above all prejudices, all preconceived belief and religion, should absolutely avoid what are called social relations, for so contagious is universal idiocy that he cannot frequent his fellow-beings, see them, listen to them, without being, in spite of himself, influenced by their convictions, their ideas, and their moral imbecility." This has an echo of the Maupassant voice we are familiar with—clear, harsh, sombre, and unsparingly true. Denise consoles him by the assurance that champion bores are not the princes but the *bourgeois*. She has had ample opportunity of studying the animal in her husband's family, and knows him to be the only—the real enemy. Kings, princes, nobles, artists—all are susceptible from time to time of great thoughts, splendid feelings, grand generosity; but the petty, narrow *bourgeois*—never. She sweeps the class out of the paradise of the elect, as empty, stupid, sly, cowardly, selfish, and thieving. In the eyes of the law they are monuments of impeccable villainy, and she finely defines "bourgeoisism" as not a social state,

"but a condition of the soul; there being even *bourgeois* among artists." When she spends an hour in their midst she returns to her bath to wipe away the soil of gross contact, and cries with Hamlet: "To sleep, to dream!" As we read her charming letters, we, too, could cry with Philippe in the pretty, clear, simple French tongue: "Que j'aime donc vos lettres!" And how we emphasize her own description of her soul as "soft, far-seeing, and firm, a little tender—above all, enamoured of a certain ideal of pride and self-respect." When she writes of her child we love her even more than when she writes of herself. "Yes, is she not really divine, my daughter? She seduces, captivates, because I respect her bloom of infancy, and keep her from knowledge of all practical things. Hence her daintiness of thought that delights you." What subtlety in her maternal love! Her dread of the "living dead," of the husband who brings to marriage a heart in ashes, makes her prospectively detest her future son-in-law, lest suffering through him should lie ahead for the adorable Hélène, who runs through all these pages with her delicate child's profile and her silvery laugh. Mother and daughter are together from the first enshrined in the lover's heart. "This evening you spoke to me with your soft low voice, contained, almost wordless, so full of emotion. You seem to me all resignation, strength, peace; something for me as precious, as rare, as dear, as your Hélène is for you. All belonging to you and to her is a perfect harmony."

At last comes the first explosion. "I love you," writes Philippe, rashly. "I can no longer live away from you, dear enlightened tenderness that guides me, vigilant, and has known how to animate me with its warm magnetism." She thanks him for his loyalty and frankness, but she hopes to cure him. But he must go, else his weakness might weaken her, and that is not how she understands love. Sad and curious fact, she muses. Something unreasonable and unreasonable ever pushes a woman to believe a man when he tells

her that he loves her. Is not this something the search of that soft and flattering sensation with which we say "I am loved?" words with which the heart is always lured? Charmed, she still has the wisdom of virtue and the logic of pride. She is proud of his love, but wonders naively that he should so fervently implore what she regards as the shame and irreparable blight of a life. She admits the seduction of his magnificent intelligence, and finds nothing elsewhere to match the clarity, depth, the delicacy and sense of his conversation, but it is only sympathy and friendship he has inspired. They quote the "Imitation" and part here.

Fourteen months later Philippe returns to Paris, cured, the old love now transformed into a vivacious and sentimental tenderness. He quotes Heine—

Mon cœur n'a fleuri qu'une fois,  
Il me semble il y a cent ans,

and Denise is reassured. His affection for Hélène increases, and brings out all the most amiable qualities of his nature. It would be impossible to find a sweeter character revealed than that of the Philippe of all these succeeding letters. He is able to do what few men can do and remain a gentleman: tell tales of a foolish young girl. True, the girl is Denise's niece, and according to the French position of the *jeune fille*, he only did his duty as a gentleman in telling upon her. She starts a compromising flirtatious correspondence with him during his long exile, and he thinks it his duty to warn Denise. After which he thanks her for having so wisely preserved their relations from the vulgarity of a cheap *liaison*, and is full of retrospective remorse for his folly. Women like Denise do not fall: their seduction lies in their inaccessibility; and thinking of what her suffering and disillusion would have been had she yielded to his prayer, he truly exclaims: "What we offer is so little compared with what such as you give?" But—wonder upon wonder!—is it really Maupassant to whom Denise writes, hearing of Susanne's indiscretion?

"This news of a secret correspondence makes me shudder. Think, if it had not been you she addressed, you whom I esteem, whose native delicacy I know—think how such a freedom of manner might have troubled her woman's future, and how it might already have injured her young girl's life." Confused, ashamed, she entreats his pardon, and begs him to burn with her her niece's silly letters; then returning to their more interesting selves, she laughs sadly over their broken romance: "We shall not probably finish our lives, I in a convent, you in the Seine. We shall be killed by nobody, not even by my husband the diplomat. Thank heaven, then, it is no novel, and will interest nobody, for every one wants to see in a novel either a kind of ideal of life, or sufferings so extreme, or horrors so complete, as fortunately one rarely sees in real life, such as yours, mine, ours, theirs."

Happily there is more than sentiment in this delightful book. There are characters inimitable little French scenes, snatches of brilliant dialogues, and at least one of Gyp's heroines, Germaine Dalvillers, an impudent, mischievous, witty, fast, and adorable little woman, who lifts the hair of prudery and bewitchingly vanquishes ill-humor; not always quite decent, but the type of scamp who is a perennial source of delight in the dulness of existence, and is as captivating as she is bewildering. One does not judge her; one is content to enjoy her, without, however, holding her up as a model to one's young daughters. Yet we can all conceive a far more deplorable type of daughter, for this radiant scamp in petticoats, Denise tells us, keeps with precious care the last little white shoes her baby wore, "because they are stained with the mud of its last walk. Stupid heart," she prettily sighs, "that besprinkles the meanest things with sparkles of love!" In a strictly respectable circle, where the ladies after dinner do fancy work while the men doze, her provincial hostess reproves the sprightly Germaine for her Parisian idleness. Next evening, Germaine en-



ters the *salon* with a big basket that, to the amazement of the guests, contains a duck, which she silently proceeds to pluck. Tableau in the *château*! Best anecdote of all of the irresistible Germaine: A dull, pompous, stiff and starched young magistrate, after dinner, holds her in interminable converse. Ineptitudes rain. The Parisians are yawning, while the magistrate chatters, chatters. Talking of marriage, he says: "Ah, madame, life in the provinces is sad: to make oneself a centre, one must marry; but then choice is such a chance and difficult matter."

*Germaine*.—Yes, you would want a young girl well brought up, rich—

*Magistrate*.—Naturally. I would like her to belong to society, but very simple; intelligent, a musician, even witty, personable; in a word charming, like—

*Germaine*.—Ah, monsieur, I stop you. You were on the point of a compliment.

*Magistrate*.—Oh, madame, it would not be one. You merit a thousand. But to live in the provinces, in a kind of official position, the young person should be more—less—how shall I say it?—in a word, less—more—effaced. I don't know if you quite understand me.

*Germaine*.—Perfectly. You are quite right, monsieur; it is very just, for in the magistrature it is not enough to be stupid, one must also be good form."

Susanne also, the flirt, is in capital relief; hardy, stolid, and worldly-wise in her imprudences, cynical, mercenary, heartless, and yet not repulsive or worthless. Never a mate for the sentimental Philippe, as Denise purposed her, believing in her attachment to him, and who leaves us in some doubt of the subsequent happiness of her rich Greek husband. But we like her. There is a little indefinable charm in her roguish misbehavior, her cynical candor and light tears for Philippe, who, after she had declined to share his modest fortunes, which concession to her rash advances he was willing to make to please Denise, probably guards his portrait in the most perfumed and incensed chamber of memory as the

blighted romance of her youth. But over this abortive passion, little Hélène sighs the prettiest epitaph: "Ah, life is sad, mother. There are days—when my doll turns out to be sawdust, or my bird dies—when I would like to go away into a star." Hearing that the delicious Susanne has declined the gift of his hand and name, Philippe is restored to satisfaction, and anecdotes of the adorable and adored Germaine contribute to the gaiety of the correspondence. What do you think a husband is? somebody asks her. "In general? Why, a customs officer" (stupor around her). "Yes, a customs officer, who should guard against exportation in the fear of importation." Her escapades, her pert speeches, and her angers are equally original.

Little by little we see the change in Denise. This time Philippe is imperceptibly assuming her abandoned rôle of Mentor. "You are going to the concert on Sunday? Then not altogether without me. I will write, and you shall carry me in your pocket." To which he replies: "There is a touch of the little girl in the most serious feminine brain. Yes, I'll put you in my pocket, madame;" and laughing over her own inconsequences, Denise then quotes: "La femme est la désolation du juste." How witty in the midst of her troubles over Anatole France! and her audacious quotation from Maupassant, when somebody, learning that writing is as difficult and often as painful as birth, asked why he wrote, then: "Mon dieu! It is better to do that than to rob;" and her charge of obviousness in her lover's truth, which she describes as in the style of "Monsieur de la Pallice is dead, dead of sickness; a quarter of an hour before his death he was still alive." The first cry of her heart to him is an unexpected break in this gentle gaiety; to which Philippe responds: "My too-far-off dear, poor beloved little saint, so believing and impressionable, how to resist longer the soft warmth of your fervent friendship!" "Once," she tells him, "O analyst of the void, O drinker of smoke, O eater of dreams, I turned bravely



from you when you said, 'I love you.' Now I no longer fly, I listen, suddenly overcome with a divine and tormenting joy." But his worship of her has become so purified, so etherealized by its ordeal, that he himself craves pardon for having loved her *ill* before, and delicately gives her to understand that nothing will ever induce him now to return to the unworthier feeling. She is wounded, astounded, perplexed. They sentimentalize with fervor, and he addresses her as his "too-far-off beloved." With minds less subtle, less complex, less diverse and less literary, this prolonged situation would be monotonous and tiresome, but nothing wearies from the pen of these finished lovers. Everywhere there are evidences of Philippe's delicacy as a man. Denise sends him an unpublished and interesting detail in Napoleon's courtship of Mile. de Montijo, begging him to make copy of it. Philippe replies: "The tale is charming, but I keep it for myself, which is better than giving to the public such intimate facts about a woman now so unhappy and so crushed by events."

The symptoms increasing in Denise, Philippe writes sternly: "I have not suffered through you, I have not become your friend, to watch you placidly lose yourself through your imagination. . . . I forbid you to love, do you hear?" But she, poor soul, vanquished, is past hearing. She continues to write wittily and wisely, and some of her pages strike a note of profound and original thought, containing as well sensible criticism of men, manners, and books. But underneath runs the stifed cry of a hungry heart, and Philippe's work is to stem the surging tide with a tenderness of touch no less rare than exquisite. He suffers in her suffering, and has the strength to be strong against her, for her sake and for his, and keep their "amorous friendship" from descending to the vulgar *dénouement*. He asks if he shall go away. Her passion terrifies him, and he soothes her like a little child. He cries for pardon, and in a long, analytical, tortured letter lays all the blame to himself. "Ah, dear one, get well again,

for you have day by day become dearer to me, like a morsel of myself, and in losing you I should lose my life," he ends. It seems miraculous that any man should be able to resist the impassioned outbursts of this beautiful woman, wildly in love at last, who lives in a hallucination of tenderness, and expresses herself in her outpouring of passion with an ardent crudity which does not shock, because of its reckless sincerity. Passion at such white-heat excites awe, and silences even the voice of prudery. It is a soul that cries, stripped bare for us—a living suffering flame that burns out a figure so cheap and common as that of the woman of society. She writes to her lover that she is pursued and crucified by imaginary kisses, and then implores him in the same breath to take her and to help her against herself. He answers her double appeal with rough nobility. The greatest joys have their morrow, and it is the morrow that he dreads for her. "My beloved, I see with terror that you spiritualize matter, and demand of it what it cannot give." Nothing his ardor could devise would diminish the dreadful distress of her awakening. What she imagines of love is so greatly more than what it is, that he urges her to rest with her ideal, and not tempt him to risk his present ineffable possession of her soul in the bitterness of deception that for her would follow illicit union. "Have the wisdom not to count each beat of your heart," he entreats, and adds that he finds his own force to speak thus to her "in the sublime and touching cowardice of her great love. Dear, dearest, let me dwell in your heart, only that." As well reason with a volcano in a state of eruption. Philippe becomes more explicit. "Listen to my voice, whose softness will end by calming you, dear, dear one." He describes the ebb and tide of love till the cure of heart comes. "Cure? No. I fear the heart ever afterwards remains infirm, is forever broken. So it was for me. . . . I must let you suffer, and not curse your suffering, since it is inevitable. It is man's destiny to love through suffering

or to suffer through love. . . . We are creatures of such frail feeling; the romance each one builds is so soon finished, the breath that vivifies it so quickly spent, that it is better not to live it, and to preserve it in the state of dream. . . . I seem to reason too reasonably, my Denise. But I would only guard you from a transient ill, from a vulgar fall of which you would have to blush—were it only before me—of a shame that not even all the tenderness in which I should envelop you would prevent you from feeling." Noble words at a critical moment, fit to redeem a lifetime's ignominy. This whole letter is magnificent. His allusion to her child, to the degrading necessity for lying that a *liaison* involves, his consciousness of the fatuity of a man in the position of a Don Juan, and his simple cry to her whom not so long ago he pursued with so different a prayer: "Denise, Denise, understand me. Have pity on yourself, on Hélène; think well before this vulgar and irreparable evil happens. It costs me something to play the ludicrous part of repulsing your tenderness. But to make of you whom I respect, whom I love—you, my sister, the friend and companion chosen of all others, recognizing in her the highest virtues, the loyalty and honor of a man—to make of you what I have made of others! I am heartbroken. But, Denise, dear delicate soul, dear nature of the elect, measure my great probity in saying to you Don't love me! I transcribe a law of sorrow for my own grief. But it is my duty and I accomplish it. Ah, poor, cherished frail friend, how deeply I must love you to inflict this pain on you!" A moment later he yields, and calls her. Her letter in which she describes her abortive visit to his house is vivid and extraordinarily true. Her hesitations, the cabman's patronage, the rain, the long wait in the cab, the quick vital sketch of Philippe leaving his house to dine out, Hélène's sweet little note to her dear mamma absent all the evening, and the mother's pure and passionate joy in feeling saved—all this is really "a slice of life." Philippe's

happiness in her timely rescue is sincere, but poor Denise is not convalescent enough not to taunt him. "You cry," she bitterly replies to his congratulations, "'Love me—there, all right—not so much—come, a little more.'" Poor Philippe is, as he would say, *ahuri*, bewildered, scared; but she is ill after the struggle and the shock, and Cannes is the refuge. Philippe follows her to find her in the torpor of convalescence. His old love is then aroused, and he begins to regret his stoicism bitterly. He fears he was a fool instead of a sage. But for her it is too late. Her child has won, and the dream is ended. He respects her renouncement, never loving her more, and proposes that he shall devote himself to the education of his young brother in the hopes of making him a worthy husband for Hélène, which work is to be a kind of double pater-nity. Hélène and Jacques henceforth the double object of an empty life.

HANNAH LYNCH.

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From the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.  
THE SUPERIORITY OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.

It is not necessary to be a great philosopher in order to understand the following propositions: that the various races of mankind have all their qualities and their defects; that there is a close connection between their defects and their qualities; that good and evil are to be found everywhere; and that perfection is not of this world. Nor does it require a profound acquaintance with history to enable one to perceive that certain defects are more inimical to the prosperity, whether of republics or empires, than certain others; and that, in this respect, the various peoples of earth are very unequally endowed. The defects of the Greeks were their ruin, but the defects of the Romans helped quite as much as their virtues to secure them a world-wide empire. There are moral

imperfections which are sources of power, and there are others which are mere weaknesses. "Even if it were possible," as some one has observed, "to relieve the Englishman of a little of his stiff and obstinate pride, and to give him the imaginative sympathy which he lacks—the faculty of entering easily into the feelings of others—you would probably lessen, at the same time, the power of his convictions, and the firmness of purpose and faith in himself and his rights, which all must admire. In short, you would render him less fit to fulfil his mission in the world."

The ingenious and eloquent author of a book which has made some stir of late, M. Edmond Demolins, amazed at the immense power of expansion exhibited by the Anglo-Saxons, has undertaken to prove<sup>1</sup> that they are, at all points, superior to ourselves. M. Demolins is a distinguished economist of the school of M. Le Play, and as an economist it is the yield, of course, that he chiefly considers in fixing the price and regulating the tariff, of the virtues and faults of a nation. For every man who plumes himself on the possession of some natural advantage, M. Demolins has one inquiry: "How much does it net you?" He has made up his mind that if our neighbors over the Channel have succeeded in all their undertakings, and created a vast empire which is one of the marvels of history, they owe it less to their native aptitudes than to the training they have received in the family and the school; and he has also made up his mind that the congenital and constitutional defects from which we Frenchmen suffer would be less injurious if they were not fostered and aggravated by a deplorable educational system.

He does not altogether despair of us, but, in order that we may fetch our full value, whatever that may be, he would have us differently brought up; he would have our parents and teachers apply themselves to the formation

of men; to imbuing our youth with a spirit of initiative and enterprise, and thus preparing them for what he calls a "serious" life, rather than to stuffing their brains with useless knowledge. We might yet make some figure in the world if we could but get rid of the idea that the highest wisdom consists in withdrawing as much as possible from the toils and hazards of the struggle for existence. He would abolish those fathers and mothers who say to a son: "My dear child, you must rely, first of all, upon us. You see what economy we are ready to practice, in order to assure your future. You must then rely on our friends, relatives and allies, who will make it their business to vouch for you, and to further your interests. Most of all, you must look to the government, which has innumerable places to dispose of. It would indeed go hard if you could not secure one of them. Since, however, the state pays its functionaries rather stingily, and since it is always well to have butter to one's bread, you should by all means marry a rich girl. But give yourself no uneasiness; we will look out for all that. We will seek the lady for you, and we will find her." The boy thus gently bred and sagely instructed inclines, of course, toward a quiet life. His mind grows dull, and his volition drowsy. He will never become either a pioneer, a settler, or a squatter. He will never be anything, in fact—and he will be proud and happy to be nothing. He will absolutely revel in his own incurable mediocrity. He will pace all his days in the sunshine, accompanied by his own shadow—and he will find that shadow charming.

Now if M. Demolins had confined himself to lamenting that too many parents cherish but mean ambitions for their children, and that too many young Frenchmen show a marked preference for an easy life and a repugnance to laborious undertakings; if he had been satisfied with combating our prepossessions and prejudices, the abuses of our bureaucracy, the ficti-

<sup>1</sup> *A quoi tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons, par E. Demolins.*

tious value we attach to public office; and our superstitious reverence for the liberal professions; if, in a word, he had merely described our case, without attempting to account for it, his book, however excellent, would have improved nobody, and produced but little effect. He thinks, very justly, that people must be startled before the truth can be brought home to them, and that the most startling of all rhetorical figures is exaggeration.

I remember once to have seen, in an illustrated manual of civic morality, two engravings intended to give children a vivid and moving idea of the happy change produced by the great Revolution in the lot of the French peasant. One of these pictures represented a cottage under the old régime. It was mid-winter; the snow-laden roof wore a most lugubrious aspect; the trees were leafless, the land naked and apparently dead. In the other picture was exhibited a cottage after 1789. The landscape was green and everything had a festive air. The lilacs were in bloom, the fields at their loveliest; you could almost hear the songs of the birds. The child was apparently expected to believe that the Revolution had invented spring. By a similar trick, M. Demolins endeavors to persuade us that labor, virtue and happiness are all discoveries of our haughty neighbors. He takes pleasure in picturing England as a sun without a spot, and our poor France, as a sort of rayless hole. He wants us to receive a nervous shock from the conviction that all is for the best on the other side of the Channel—while here everything is going from bad to worse.

Great Britain, as depicted by M. Demolins, is indeed a land blessed of the Lord; where every man rejoices to fulfil the duties of his own station; where the father's chief care is to prepare his son for a "serious" life, and where children suck in the virile virtues with their mothers' milk. In this happy country where there are no "unemployed," people rely on themselves, and suffice to themselves; they would blush to be indebted to others for as-

sistance or credentials of any sort; and the young girls who have the best chance of marrying are those who have no dowry. Every Englishman is a completely rounded human being. Thanks to the education he has received, his faculties are all harmoniously developed; and when he comes out of college, where he has acquired none but sound and useful ideas, he is fit for any occupation.

He excels the world in independence of mind and character. His principles, his opinions, his judgments are all his own. He despises cut-and-dried maxims, conventional language, the whole servile troop of copyists. He enjoys a yet more precious advantage over the Celts, the Germans and the Latin races, in his power of concentrated attention; and his capacity for rest is as remarkable as his capacity for toil. He is so expeditious about his business that he gets all the more time for repose; and what can equal the repose of an English Sunday? No one has ever measured the height, the depth—or the length of it.

Industrious as virtuous, England has thus attained a degree of prosperity, almost inconceivable by the Celto-Latin imagination. All English workmen live freely, and nothing is lacking to the comfort of their homes. They all have pianos and drink tea at a large, square table covered with a fine cloth. There is a pretty porcelain tea-service, with five or six plates of different sorts of cakes and, what is truly remarkable, before taking tea a second time, they have a habit of rinsing the cup—"a refinement," says M. Demolins, "which might profitably be introduced into many of our own houses." These workmen take an interest in beautifying both their homes and their lives, and the consequence is that they have a self-respect and a dignity of bearing quite unknown to ourselves. They are all gentlemen in embryo, and need we add that they are perfectly happy? Other people work against the grain and under protest. They look upon labor as a scourge, a penalty which must be borne, but in

their hearts they believe with the Turk, that man is better sitting than standing, and lying than sitting. But the English are never happy except when on their feet, and toil is, for them, a source of inexhaustible delight. You have but to learn the language of their eyes to recognize the fact that "they have all a formidable fund of inward content and that life bears a gayer aspect to them than we can well conceive."

And what of poor France? Alas, it is a country of laggards and idlers, where labor and effort of every kind are regarded as a torment, which each man endeavors to avoid, either by getting all he can out of his neighbor, or by invoking the succor and assistance of the state. It is the story of the drone and the bee. The robust and vigorous youth who allows his family to maintain him is a drone. The youth whose dream it is to marry an heiress and be supported by her is a drone. The young civil-servant, who, disdaining an independent profession, gets a government place, that he may have the honor and glory of being provided for in the budget, is also a drone. In fact, we are all drones; and since work is the only source of true happiness, we are a sad, morose and disappointed people, and the melancholy which devours us offers a cruel contrast to British buoyancy and good-humor. Which one of us can lay his hand upon his heart, and boast of having there "a formidable fund of contentment?"

M. Demolins, as I said before, is anxious to convince his readers; but he is yet more anxious to startle and move them—and in this he appears to have succeeded. A good many of them have been amazed, afflicted and overwhelmed. I have a neighbor in the country whom this terrible book has plunged into the very depths of gloom. He blushes to think that he is not an Englishman. It is with shame and confusion of face that he feels a Celto-Latin heart beating in his breast, and carries upon his shoulders the head of a French drone. "How can we ever make any headway against those peo-

ple?" he says. "They have everything in their favor—native gifts, a talent for business, indomitable perseverance, the taste for adventure, and a passionate devotion to work." I admitted, when he bemoaned himself thus to me, that M. Demolins was quite right in praising the Englishman's capacity for work; that he does give himself heart and soul to what he is about; that nothing ever diverts his attention, or shakes his conviction; that he never utters a superfluous word, except sometimes to God, in his everlasting litanies, but never by any chance to the man with whom he is making a bargain. But I also pleaded on our own behalf, that if idle and imprudent remarks occasionally escape us, it comes of our being essentially a sociable people; and that sociability has its advantages; that great as are the delights of unremitting toil, there is a certain sweetness about relaxation too; and that the light-minded folk who occasionally forget themselves are perhaps happier than those keen enthusiasts who have always an eye to their own interest.

He could hardly hear me out: "Oh, yes," he said, "and while we are talking nonsense, they are in the four quarters of the globe, grabbing everything that is worth having; and we get their leavings, provided they are good enough to leave anything. The idea never would have occurred to us to provide for our youth a well-balanced and practical education. Let us burn our colleges. That will be a good beginning." I reminded him that the practical and harmonious English college visited by M. Demolins is a very recent foundation, and has only fifty pupils; that it was created for the special training of young men who propose to settle in the colonies; that its object is to prepare its pupils for the difficulties and emergencies of a life of adventure; that the extremely able founder of this institution, Dr. Cecil Reddie, a tall, muscular man in the garb of a tourist—grey woollen shirt, short breeches, coarse woollen stockings folded back above the knee, stout shoes and a Tam o' Shanter—is the very



type of the pioneer or "squatter," and that he is excessively severe upon the English schools, which by no means meet, in his opinion, the requirements of modern life.

"Our present system of education," said this gentleman to M. Demolins, "forms men for the past, not the present. The majority of our youth squanders its time in acquiring those dead languages which very few of them ever have the opportunity to use. They glance at the modern languages and the natural sciences, but remain ignorant of all which concerns real life, practical affairs, and their own relations with society. What renders reform most difficult is the fact that our preparatory schools are shaped by the universities for which they prepare a certain number of their pupils. But the universities, like other old corporations, are not their own masters. An invisible and intangible spectre—the spirit of tradition and routine—broods over their directors and instructors." I requested my neighbor to observe furthermore that England has been for three hundred years a perfect nursery of hardy pioneers, and the intrepid improvers of far distant lands; that the colonists of the New World and of Australia were by no means educated under the auspices of Dr. Reddle; that "harmonious" education had not been invented when they embarked, whence it may be permitted us to conclude that old methods and the spirit of tradition have some advantages after all, and that the utilities are not always useful.

He became more calm, and said no more about burning the colleges; but only observed wistfully: "Just to think of a country where all the workingmen have pianos!" I assured him that, to the best of my knowledge, English workmen do not all have pianos; that, as a matter of fact, the only one which M. Demolins ever saw was in the sitting-room of that mechanic who has five kinds of cake on his table, and would feel it a stain upon his honor not to rinse his cup before taking more tea; but that all this man's associates do not live in the same luxury; that some are,

in fact, quite poor, and dwell in hovels; and when they desire to drown trouble they drink; so that rumor has it there is even a certain number of confirmed inebriates in England; and I pointed out to him that M. Demolins must know this, and also that these drunkards are not gentlemen. "Do not take it so to heart," I said. "Does not M. Demolins hold out to us the hope that if we resolutely resist our inborn vices, reform all our tastes, and alter all our habits, we too may become, by the help of God, an inferior kind of Anglo-Saxons?" "Bah!" was his answer. "He only said it to flatter us. His private opinion is that in order to have initiative and a spirit of enterprise, you must live in an island; and that France not being an island, we can never be anything but a nation of drones." I was obliged to admit that it would be difficult to make an island of France; but I took the ground that it had not been proved beyond a question that only insular peoples possess the virtues which are indispensable to the prosperity of states.

My friend reads English easily, and in order to convince him I lent him a work in two volumes entitled "The France of To-day." The author of this pleasing and instructive book is an Englishwoman born in the county of Suffolk, learned in agriculture and profoundly versed in political economy, who has traversed our country more than once, from north to south and from east to west, in order to see how we live. She has investigated the subject systematically and talked with everybody. She knows our faults, and does not disguise them; but she also knows our virtues and commends them.

She has rather a weakness for our peasant-proprietors whose patient industry she admires. She lays it down as a fundamental principle, that the French have been from time immemorial, more passionately attached to the soil than any other people; and that this passion has been the source in them both of excellencies and of faults. She says that our peasants in their zeal to accumulate money and

round out their possessions, push to the point of heroism their insensibility to privation, and their genius for economy; that they are hard upon themselves, and sacrifice nothing to the graces, astonishing the observer by the strangest mixture of affluence and sordid meanness; that, careless of personal comfort, they neglect their houses as no Sussex laborer would ever do; but that, if an Englishwoman tells them that the husbandman over the Channel works another man's land and may be turned out of his cottage any day, they feel for him a sort of contemptuous pity.

Miss Betham is far too British a creature not to lament that the bedroom of our farm laborer is often but a dingy hole, that he has a manure-heap before his door, and that his food all tastes of smoke; but she thinks that his anxious provision against possible accidents is a virtue, and that he bears misfortune better than an English farmer who wants to ape the squire and live like a capitalist. She also thinks that by the very fact of subordinating personal comfort to a love of the land, our peasants have become a political force; that it is their savings which have repaired public disasters which appeared irremediable, and that by exercising their common sense as electors they have saved their country from more than one needless revolution. "We English," is Miss Betham's conclusion, "are a nation of tenants, while the French are a nation of proprietors." She considers that each of these conditions has its advantages as well as its drawbacks, and she quotes from a London journal which has recently published some remarkable studies of village life in England. "It is difficult to conceive," wrote the author of these studies, "of the state of servility to which the tillers of the soil are reduced on some of the great estates where it is their lot to abide. The squire owns the cottage, and can give or withhold a garden-plot at pleasure. His wife and daughters distribute coals, provide bedding and visit the sick. The poor beneficiaries yield passively to their fate

which is to do what they were told, and to take what is given them, and be grateful. It is a realm of kindness and good intentions; but to be happy there, a man must renounce all manliness of spirit, and sense of civic dignity."

This last quotation was quite soothing to my neighbor's mind. He was charmed to learn that, in spite of M. Demolins the English are not all heroes and do not all have virile souls; and that while England produces energetic men and incomparable pioneers, she is also the land of the assisted. He blessed Miss Betham for having poured balm into his wounds, was consoled for the Celto-Latin blood in his veins, and held his Southron's head a little higher.

But he continued to owe M. Demolins a grudge for having stung and humiliated him; and when he had braced up, and made a few inquiries on his own account, he began to suspect some of the assertions of that disquieting economist, and even to pick holes in them. He read a celebrated little book which has been denominated the stock-farmer's Bible; a manual of sheep-raising by an old Australian colonist. One of M. Demolins' statements is that the Englishman is so jealous in his independence, and so firmly resolved to rely only on himself, that he would feel it a disgrace to accept aid even from his own family. But the old colonist says that every stock-raiser must have a certain capital; that, in the good old times, the first comer got a sheep-run for a mere bagatelle of rent; but that even he had to have some ready money for the purchase of sheep and vehicles, the paying of hands, the laying in of provisions, and the construction of shelter for man and beast; while at the present day, the assistance of the capitalist has become yet more essential. The consequence is that the business of stock-raiser, farmer, squatter, proprietor or tenant of a ranch, appeals especially to those English younger sons of high spirit who are really the nerve of the colonies. Their only alternative being emigration and the public service, they decidedly prefer seeking their fortune at a distance. They know

that their elder brothers will fill their pockets with bank-notes before they go, and that they can rely on their family prestige for credentials and for aid. "Now which," inquired my neighbor, "is right? The old Australian stock-farmer or the French economist?"

But there were further surprises in store for him. M. Demolins draws a distinction between corporate nations, and particularist nations. Among the former, in which he includes both the German and the Latin races, the state is regarded as a species of Providence watching over the destiny of the individual who cheerfully sacrifices his most precious liberties in exchange for the protection thus afforded. In a particularist society, on the other hand, the chief care of the individual is to defend himself from all interference on the part of the state. He undertakes to arrange his own lot, by virtue of his own exertions, energy, indomitable perseverance. "But if," argued my neighbor, "it is true that the Anglo-Saxons are the most 'particularist' of all people how does it happen that the Americans are furious protectionists? Why do they require the state to charge itself with the prosperity both of their commerce and of their various industries? Why are there so many persons among them who prefer living at the public expense that their pensionist mounts up to eight hundred millions of francs? If it is true that the main concern of the Anglo-Saxon is to mind his own business and emancipate himself from all tutelage, how does it happen that Parliament and the English Cabinet are incessantly extending the boundaries of their jurisdiction, and interfering in matters which were formerly held to be quite out of their sphere? Why has it been enacted that every primary school which accepts a subsidy, must also be visited by her Majesty's inspectors, and conform to the provisions of a code approved by Parliament? Why do they choose to be subsidized and inspected? And why has the cost of public instruction become during the last twenty years one of the heaviest items in their budget?"

A few more questions. "If the English really value above all other things that personal freedom which we hold so cheap, why are we at liberty to work on Sunday if we wish to do so, or to shoot partridges or to go to concerts, while they are not? If it is true, as M. Demolins protests, that hard labor is, for them, a source of bliss, why do their artisans, with pianos or without, go on strike to compel their employers to limit them to eight hours a day?" But, really, there was no end to my neighbor's captious inquiries. I replied that all societies, whether "corporate" or "particularist," subsist upon contradictions; and that contradictions, when all is said, are not the worst features of human existence. "Irregularity is in our nature," said a witty man upon one occasion. "In the body politic, as in the material globe, there is a perpetual element of chaos. There are only two sorts of creatures who never change, geometers and dumb beasts. The geometers indeed have had a few disputes; the dumb beasts never." Darwin, however, has proved that animals also vary.

Hundreds of words are required fully to express that confused, uncertain fluctuating thing, that most unstable combination which is called human character. To define national character, even approximately, we need a yet larger number. In the interests of our education M. Demolins has purposely and consciously undertaken to simplify the question, to forget that every question has more than one side. He once asked a young Englishman who was carrying on a sheep-run in New Zealand, what attracted him in such an existence. "It is life. It is freedom," replied the young squatter. "And so it is," continues M. Demolins, "that the need of independence is the ruling and impelling motive of every Englishman's life. Ponder the problem as you will, you can arrive at no other solution."

Undoubtedly the Englishman is, in some respects, the most independent of men. When he cannot find elbow-room he is off for New Zealand. He

has a bold imagination and a free foot. He is proud of his country, but he does not care to take root there. The true England is not for him an island containing some forty or fifty million acres; it is a certain mode of life, thought and feeling, and this mobilized and portable England, he will take with him to the ends of the earth. Wherever he may settle, he intends to enjoy civil, individual and domestic freedom. As the sworn enemy of the uncomfortable, he has reduced his family to the lowest terms: "You and I," or "I and you," as the case may be. All the rest of the world, his own children included, are but neighbors; and children being often very noisy and troublesome neighbors, who put fingers in noses, and noses where they have no concern, they are kept at a distance, and, as much as may be, educated by deputy. A young French girl, employed as governess in the family of some great English lord or other, was astonished at first, that her charges were only admitted to the honor of contemplating the august figure of their mother during the half-hour before dinner. She was yet more amazed when, one of the little girls having been discovered in the act of climbing an ottoman to get a nearer view of an orchid, their mother called out sharply to their instructress from the far end of the drawing-room, "Please to tell Helen, mademoiselle, that I cannot have my ottomans trampled on, nor my flowers touched!"

Nevertheless this being, so insular and independent, has his meeknesses and servitudes, and do not ask him to throw off his yoke, for he loves it. He is more utterly the slave of his habits and his national prejudices than any other human being. It is far easier for him to cross oceans and traverse continents than to get out of his own skin and into that of another. Very different, in this respect, from the Romans with whom he delights to compare himself, impenetrable and impermeable, he lives beside foreign races without borrowing anything from them, or contributing anything to

them; and the antipathy between them and him is always the same.

He is no less in subjection to fictitious wants, etiquette, and the minutiae of so-called comfort, than to his prejudices. You will never catch him saying like Socrates, "How many are the superfluities I can dispense with!" No other people ever evolved so complicated an ideal of happiness; and since they have a genius for detail, and attach an immense importance to little things, the merest trifle will suffice to impoverish and spoil their lives. Their statisticians are groaning over the fact that the young are less and less inclined to marry, and that this is one of the circumstances which most contribute to the success of the *feminist* propaganda. "What would you have?" said a young Londoner to me the other day. "Happiness is too awfully dear in England just now for me to afford to bestow it on any English girl." Observe, it is by no means enough to be happy. One must also be *somebody*; and the code of respectability is most exacting. It prescribes all that an Englishman ought to say, do, eat and drink; what opinions, literary and other, he shall hold, what usages he shall observe, and what conventions accept, in order to secure consideration. This man who boasts of his independence is so absolutely dependent on the opinion of others, that he will suffer anything rather than do aught which might forfeit their respect. An English family, compelled by reverses of fortune to retrench somewhere, will do anything rather than lower their style of living. For what would become of them if they had not the full number of servants which custom has pronounced respectable?

The sum and substance of it all is that in order to secure the respect of others and one's own it is necessary to be rich, that the Anglo-Saxon countries are those where poverty cuts the most pitiable figure, and where the golden calf is most devoutly worshipped. England even has the advantage over the United States of possessing a hereditary aristocracy. Although M.

Demolins appears to admire the American *Milliardaires* more than all the heroes of Plutarch, we may be permitted to agree with a celebrated English publicist, M. Bagehot, when he says that the fetishism of rank acts as a sort of corrective to the fetishism of money; that it is a good thing for a society to have two idols, because where two idolatries are in conflict there is some chance for true religion; and that the worship of hereditary grandeur is, after all, less degrading than a flat subserviency to money.

An *Anglophobe* whom I know reproaches M. Demolins with not having said that it is the distinguishing characteristic of English prosperity not to make happy; that if our neighbors have a free foot it is because they are none too well off where they are; that one does not go away from the places where one thoroughly likes to be; and that, in fine, the creation of the vast British empire is due before all things to intellectual ability, astute calculation, the foresight of a government as well counselled as it is well-informed, and to a traditional policy at once bold and wary, always on the watch for opportunity, and never hampered by scruples. But M. Demolins has said what he himself desired and felt it his duty to say. He wanted to hit the drones a stinging rap—to sober, mortify, confound and irritate them. He justly considers that contrition makes way for amendment; that shocks awaken curiosity, that anger and spite start up the circulation, and that anything is better than a stolid indifference, and an idiotic satisfaction with oneself.

His most intelligent readers have divined his intentions and approve his strategy. In his desire to force us to an examination of conscience, he employed the method of those preachers who would never convert, anybody without hyperbole. "Why," they exclaim, "beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, and considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" It would terribly weaken the effect of their denunciation were they to allow their hearers to suspect that our

brother's mote may also be a beam, and a beam as big as our own.

G. VALBERT. Translated for The Living Age.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

A HEROIC RESISTANCE.

(A TALE OF THE LIBERIAN COAST.)

Towards the close of a sultry afternoon the little steamer *Dunlin* was churning her way through the glassy roll of the Atlantic. Away to the south stretched a limitless waste of grey sea streaked with wreaths of low-lying mist; to the north lay the coast of Africa. Clusters of feathery palms, yellow beaches swept by eternal surf, and rows of native huts nestling between the cottonwood forest and the ocean, rose to view and faded astern as the steamer rolled along.

Captain Orme leaned over the bridge rails, glancing at the approaching coast-line and grumbling at the heat, for it was the season of the rains and the atmosphere was like that of a hot-house.

"Six fathoms, sir," hailed a quartermaster as he dipped the lead; and the mate observed, "It's shoaling fast, and there are too many uncharted rocks about to make this a nice neighborhood to navigate in the dark."

Again Captain Orme looked at the creaming breakers ahead; then he stamped upon the bridge, for the climate of Africa in the rainy season is trying to both health and temper. "Hang those Krooboy for bringing us into a place like this!" he broke out. "I shall be glad to see the last of them, —thought they'd take charge of the ship once or twice. Go down and see if any headman can pilot us in. We shall have to stay all night; I won't risk going out in the dark."

The mate descended to the deck where some two hundred Krooboy laborers, returning to their native country in the Liberian bush after a labor-contract with the factories of the Oil Rivers and the Gold Coast, lay about in



picturesque simplicity of attire. Broad-shouldered, muscular fellows they were, with a blue stripe tattooed down the centre of each ebony forehead, the mark of the Kroo nation. Some were clad in crimson flannel jackets and battered silk hats, but the majority were content with the simple waist-cloth,—“a healthy and very economical garment,” as the Scotch engineer said. All about them lay cases of Hamburg gin and sharp matchets, which represented part of the fruit of their labor, wages in West Africa being mostly paid in kind.

“Any of you Krooboys fit take ‘teamer in?” asked the mate; and immediately there was a babel of voices and a crowd of eager applicants. Nothing delights a negro more than the assumption of a little brief authority. The choice was made, and a broad-shouldered giant, rejoicing in the name of Old Man Trouble, stalked pompously to and fro upon the bridge, his woolly hair projecting through the place where the crown of his silk hat should have been. Once he laid his hand upon the telegraph, but the mate was too quick for him.

“No nigger touches that, you’re only here to show the way, not to command; savvy?” said Captain Orme.

“Not nigger, sah,” answered the man; “only low bushman and Liberia man nigger.” Then his mouth expanded into the broad grin of the African, and pointing to a white-walled building among the palms, he added, “New Custom-House, sah; Krooboy burn him one time.”

The mate, who posed as an encyclopedia in West African matters, laughed. “The old question,—Free trade *versus* Protection,” he said. “They play it out vigorously here, sometimes as a comedy and sometimes as a tragedy. In any case it’s rough on the Krooboy who doesn’t want to be governed at all, to be taxed extortionately, to pay for improvements in Monrovia. I wonder how many Custom-Houses he has burned.”

Old Man Trouble, who understood the speech, nodded approval. “Liberia

man bushman,” he said. “We fit to fight him too much.”

“The Krooboys be hanged,” broke in Captain Orme; “I’m sick of them. We’ll have a Liberian officer aboard now to charge us five hundred dollars for landing this crowd, of which he’ll pocket half. Blow the whistle for the canoes.”

Three times the deep boom of the steam-whistle rang out, and echoed along the palm-clad bluff ashore, until the sound died away and was lost in the monotonous song of the surf. Then the Dunlin’s propeller turned slowly astern and her anchor rattled down.

Presently a little launch steamed out from behind a point of surf-swept rocks, and, when she shot alongside, a sable representative of the Liberian Republic, covered with tarnished gold lace, strutted towards the bridge with the air of an admiral of the fleet. “You are fined fifty dollars for anchoring without permission, and if you desire to land those Kroomen you must pay two and a-half dollars a head,” he announced, and proceeded to climb the bridge-ladder.

“Stop where you are, daddy,”<sup>1</sup> said the captain, laughing. “No one sets foot on this bridge until he’s asked. You’ll get no fifty dollars from me, and as to paying two and a-half each for the Krooboys, that’s more than the best nigger in Africa is worth even if he is a customs officer. However, there they are; you can sail in and collect it yourself. Don’t be too exacting though, for they’ve all got matchets.”

Hardly had the dignity of the Black Republic reached the fore-well than a pandemonium of angry yells rose from the crowded deck, and bright matchet-blades glittered above a maze of naked arms. Captain Orme, who had been fined too many times on frivolous pretexts to love the Liberians, smiled grimly as the customs officer hastily returned to the foot of the bridge-ladder. His teeth were chattering and his knees shook like an acacia leaf in the rush of the harmattan.

“You shall pay for this,” he gasped.

<sup>1</sup> A common mode of address on this coast.

"If you attempt to land one boy I'll fire on you, and advise Monrovia to put our navy on your track."

"If the Liberian navy gets in my way I'll run over the thing," replied the captain; "It looked like an overgrown launch the last time I saw it. Is your western squadron like the other, eh? If they won't pay, the Krooboys must go on to Sierra Leone, for they shall not take my boats ashore for you to confiscate—see? Here's a word of advice. This is a hard crowd, a fighting tribe from the interior; they might fancy swimming off in the dark, for we stay here all night and we dare not try to stop them. If they do, you'd better look out. Remember too, that a little civility costs nothing; and now, good-day."

The black official answered nothing. His self-esteem was wounded, and with a feeble attempt at a swagger he kicked his sable clerks down the ladder and descended into the launch. As the little craft steamed away a yell of derision and hate followed her, and matchets flashed along the Dunlin's rail. Then the Krooboys settled down again into their customary easy-going good-humor, and the mate observed, "Scene one of the comedy. I wonder how it will end."

"No canoe come, sah; you lend us surf boats one lil' time?" asked Old Man Trouble. But the captain answered sharply: "No; you all go on to Sa Leone, and get back the best way you can. Here's a dollar; get away forward."

Darkness settled down across the misty ocean with the suddenness of the tropics, and after swallowing a hasty meal in their stifling, cockroach-haunted mess-room, captain and mate lounged about beneath the spar-deck awnings, trying to catch a stray breath of air.

"Pah! I'm half mad with prickly heat, and that din gets on my nerves," said the former. "This deck passenger game is not worth the candle; look at them now."

A wild hammering of monkey-skin drums rose from the fore-well, fol-

lowed by the rattle of matchet-blades. Then two hundred lusty voices broke out into the swinging chorus of a war-song of the Kroo nation.

"Some of their chanties are quite musical," said the mate, "and very old too; many tell how they fought the first white men, the Portuguese, four hundred years ago."

Presently, by a blaze of torch-light, for a fire of some kind is an essential feature of a West African palaver, three wild figures danced upon the high fore-castle-head, the red glare falling upon their naked skins as they flung their arms about and harangued the excited crowd below. A hoarse roar of approval went up in answer; then one of the orators appeared to dissent, and his comrades pitched him head over heels on to the iron deck beneath. Captain Orme sprang to his feet. "There'll be murder done," he shouted, "and they're burning the new tarred gass-warp too. Tell Mac to start the big pump."

"The hose is rigged. Pairsonal cleanliness is guld, an' there's naething 'll settle a palaver like a pickle could water, with eighty pun o' steam ahint it," observed the engineer dryly; and following the cling-clang of the pump below a solid jet of water swept the deck fore and aft, till the council broke up ignominiously.

"Thank goodness," said Captain Orme. "I'm glad that's over; wonder what it was all about anyway."

It was long past midnight when the harassed captain was awakened by a loud hammering at his door. Springing out of his narrow bunk, and shaking down legions of cockroaches from the breast of his thin pyjamas, he strode towards the entrance, and heard the rough voice of the quartermaster say: "Them devils are a seizin' the boats, sir. They've got No. 1 half-way lowered and are cuttin' the falls of the rest." For a few moments after he left the doorway, Captain Orme could see nothing but the luminous vapor which streamed from the summit of the reeling funnel sweeping to and fro across the inky blackness at every roll.

Then he heard the mate calling excitedly for help, and striking left and right with his revolver-butt, he burst through a crowd of negroes surging round the davits. The big Krooboy who was thrusting the boat's bows off the rail went down like a log as the heavy pistol-butt smote him between the eyes; and the mob fell back a pace or two.

"Light a port-fire on the bridge some one. Rally round all hands," he roared. "We're a comin' sir," answered a voice out of the darkness as a few drowsy seamen fought their way to their commander's side, the Krooboy giving way before the swinging capstan-bars and iron pump-handles. Then a portfire hissed and sputtered on the lofty bridge, and an intense dazzling green glare shone down on the swaying crowd below. "Stand back!" shouted the captain. "The first that lays a hand upon the boats I shoot," and the barrel of his revolver glinted in the light of the port-fire. For a few seconds the negroes stood silent and irresolute, until a burly leader strode forward, saying something in an unknown tongue and pointing to the boats.

The mate's grasp tightened on his handspike as he glanced at the rolling eyes and scowling faces before him. He knew that if the skipper's nerve proved unequal to the task it might go very hard with every white man on board, for many of the Krooboy were armed with matchets.

"Give us them boat, whiteman, and plenty boy live for bring them back," said the spokesman. "If no fit, we chop you one time." For a moment or two the captain made no reply but stood calmly facing the excited crowd, and glancing shorewards the mate saw a bright tongue of flame leap up from the summit of the bluff, while a hoarse murmur ran from man to man. Then again the tread of running feet echoed along the after deck, and a hoarse voice cried, "Oot o' the way, ye brutes." The big Krooman glanced behind him and swung his matchet, but a heavy steel spanner descended

with a thud upon his woolly head, and the gaunt figure of the chief engineer leaped into the circle of light while the negro staggering sideways fell groaning upon the deck. Next moment a wedge of sooty firemen and greasers with shovels and rables in their hands cleft the crowd apart, and the Krooboy gave sullenly back on either side.

"Now," said the captain, "take that man away and pump on him. If there's one of you left on the spar deck in three minutes, I'll shoot him." The negroes went slowly forward. It was the old story; the calmness and contemptuous fearlessness of the European had triumphed over the fickle impulses of the African. The negro savage is rarely a coward: in some circumstances he is recklessly brave; but he is always loath to face a determined white man. It is not unusual to see a score of stalwart bushmen flying in terror from the wrath of a sickly white trader, who would be as helpless as a child in their muscular grip. This is the more strange, as all the traders are by no means remarkable for nerve or courage, while the negroes have probably faced swift death at the point of a barbed spear several times before.

"A wee bit firmness gangs a lang way," said the engineer, panting; "an' I'm thinkin' it's a geyhardskull he has onyway; the bit tap wull no trouble him lang."

The mate burst out into a laugh to relieve his pent-up excitement, as he answered: "If it had been any one but a nigger, the bit tap would have killed him on the spot."

"I'm dead tired of them anyway," observed Captain Orme slowly. "Five dollars a head from Lagos doesn't cover this kind of thing. I wonder what they'll be up to next." Even as he spoke a wild yell rose from the fore-deck, followed by a succession of splashes in the sea. "Come back there! Stop them! Light another port-fire," he roared.

This time a crimson flame blazed out from the rail of the spar-deck, and by the ruddy glare the Europeans saw the

Krooboys hurling their gin cases over the iron bulwarks, while already four or five sable figures were shooting through the circle of light which fell upon the long glassy undulations, as the steamer rolled and wallowed in the steep swell. The white seamen descended the iron-runged ladder, but glistening matchet-blades barred their way and Old Man Trouble stood upon the winch-drum and lifted up his voice.

"Listen lil' word, Captain sah," he said. "We dun pay you all five dollah fer land on Palm Bluff beach. Liberia man say *no*; captain say *no boat*. Krooboy swim; if white man say *no*, we chop him. Live fer quiet; we go chop Liberia man instead."

"Let them go," advised the mate; "we can't stop them now and would only get hurt if we tried. There's no surf in Africa big enough to drown a Krooboy."

As he spoke a crowd of naked figures flung themselves over the rail, and the sea was dotted with swimming heads; man after man followed in rapid succession, until the deck was empty of all save those bound for Sierra Leone. The sight was no unusual one, for when, as occasionally happens, the canoes do not come off to meet the coasting-steamers the Krooboy passengers swim ashore half a mile or more, pushing their gin cases before them.<sup>1</sup>

"I wadna care tae be in the shoon o' that custom-man if they devils wake him up the nicht," said the engineer.

"It's not our business," rejoined the mate, "and he probably deserves it. It won't be the first Liberian station the wily Krooboy has cleaned out. I am thinking most of the two French traders; I don't suppose they'll be molested, but we'll warn them anyway."

The long reverberating boom of the steam-whistle rang out four times across the misty darkness, and then all was silence again.

It is hard enough at any time to sleep in the tropics during the stifling heat of the rains, and after what had

happened none of the spectators cared to return to their berths again. They sat smoking instead upon the spar-deck, listening to the welter of water along the bends, each time the Dunlin rolling heavily down buried her rusty plates in a brimming swell. At last, shortly before dawn, the captain sprang to his feet. "They're burning the Custom-House, by George! Look there," he said, pointing to a broad sheet of red flame which roared aloft from the shadowy loom of the bluff, lighting up the fringe of foaming breakers which hurled themselves upon the sand. "That officer is probably having a bad time now, the Kroomen have no particular reverence for the majesty of the Black Republic," he added. "I wish it was daylight, so we could send a boat in for the sake of the Frenchmen; but she'd never get through the surf in the dark."

"I'll chance it, sir; we'll get through somehow," answered the mate. "They were very kind last time we called; and even if it was only on account of the black officer, we can't sit here and do nothing."

"Well," said the captain, "if you like to risk it, go. Mac is itching to go too. It's none of his business, but he's never happy unless he's putting something right."

A few minutes afterwards there was a clatter of blocks and a big surf-boat splashed into the sea. Krooboy boat-hands and white seamen slid down the falls; the mate shouted, "Shove off before she's stove alongside;" and the boat shot away from the wallowing steamer on the smooth back of a swell. Glancing over his shoulder the mate saw a shadowy figure leaning out over the Dunlin's rail and heard the captain's voice: "Be careful. Look out for—" and then the vessel rolled wildly down, and the words were drowned in a gurgling rush of water.

"Paddle there, paddle," was the order, and the black boat-boys, balancing themselves on either gunwale, gripped a loop of fibre with their prehensile toes, as they swung the dripping paddles; and the big surf-boat

<sup>1</sup> I have seen a hundred or more swim a mile to the beach, and land through a surf no steamer's boats could pass.—H. B.

went fast inshore, now shooting aloft on the crest of a roller, now sinking deep in the gloomy trough. Ten minutes later they paddled slower, and the mate stood erect in the stern-sheets as the boat rose and fell sharply just outside the fringe of breakers. Grey dawn was coming across the heaving ocean. A red streak broadened and deepened along the eastern horizon, while beyond the parallel lines of roaring surf the feathery tufts of the palms rose dimly above the misty forest. The fire had died away, and only a few wreaths of dingy smoke were faintly visible against the bluff.

"You fit take us through surf, Frypan?" asked the mate; and the grizzled helmsman nodded silently as he took a cork lifebelt about his waist. "Cleanliness is guld," he observed; "but yon's no the best place for a mornin' bath."

Then the headman raised his voice. the Krooboy broke out into a wild chant as they leaned over the bending paddles, and the foam boiled high on either bow as the boat leaped forward. Presently she swept aloft with a snowy smother spouting above the gunwale; then the paddles whirled together and she swooped wildly down into the black hollow beyond. Again she rose, and this time half a ton of yeasty water poured in over the stern, and the white men dashed the spray from their eyes and gazed at the liquid walls rolling between them and the thundering beach.

"We're in for it now, and must face it out," said the mate hoarsely, and the engineer nodded with the light of battle in his eyes. Again the headman shouted, and a wild outburst of yelling and whistling followed. The paddles dipped together, and the boat was swept madly forward on the crest of a breaker half hidden in a mass of curling foam, while the helmsman gasped out unheeded orders, and bent himself double over the sculling oar. For a moment or two the white men held

their breath; then there was a shivering crash and a cataract of spray fell upon them; the boat's keel ground deep into the sand and the backwash roared against her bows. A dozen Krooboy leaped over the gunwale; officers and white seamen were carried beyond the reach of the ebbing wave; and before the next breaker poured its mile-long ridge upon the sand the surf-boat was run up high and dry.

"All's well that ends well, and now for the Custom-House," said the mate. Side by side the two officers hurried up the beach, the one gripping a revolver and the other an antiquated brass-hilted thing he called a claymore; but there was neither sound nor sign of life as they brushed through the dewy banana leaves towards the smouldering ruin.

"Them Krooboy devils has all gone, sir," said the quartermaster, a few paces in advance, and the white men came out from the gloom of the dripping palm fronds. A faint voice cried "Help!" and starting at the sound the newcomers turned their heads and saw a sight which at first moved them to pity, and afterwards to hearty laughter.

The black customs official, his gaudy uniform stained with mould and drenched with dew, was leaning limply against a palm-stem to which he had been loosely bound, while the two black clerks, with terror-stricken faces, occupied a similar position near by. Some woolly-haired savage, by way of a joke, had jammed a battered silk hat over his eyes, and tied a roll of landing permits about his neck. The officer made no pretence of importance now; he was in a state of hopeless collapse.

"Been having a bad time," said the mate, removing the hat; "but why don't you get out of those lashings?"

"I am fast hand and foot. I call you to witness," gasped the wretched Librarian. "My rascally men deserted me, but we made a heroic resistance—the clerks and I."

"Havers, man, havers," said the engineer, chuckling; "they draggit ye oot from aneath a couch maist likely."



"You must enjoy being tied up, at any rate," added the mate, "for any child could wriggle that lashing slack. Get up on your feet."

The Liberian with pretended effort cast off the ropes, and desiring to stalk forward with the air of a wounded gladiator failed miserably in the attempt.

"Every sign of a heroic resistance," said the mate; "rifles thrown away—as I thought, they were in too great a hurry even to pull the trigger; here's a cartridge in the breech." Then he laughed and pointed to a little machine gun which lay upside down among the trailing yams, and he noticed there was no fouling about the muzzle. "Sentries asleep, I suppose, and as usual the quarter-civilized black soldier bolted at first sight of the foe. The savage is always braver than the negro of the settlements," he added.

The quartermaster now came up. "Them niggers has been holdin' a high class barbecue, sir," he said; and the mate laughed again as he approached the spot where a bonfire had been made of the furniture and stationery. The remains of a sumptuous feast lay around. Empty bottles of Worcester sauce, tomato catsup, and Hamburg gin showed that the beverages had been curiously assorted. Scraps of pickled mess beef, with which somebody's unequalled pomade had evidently been used as a condiment, lay about among empty tins of metal polish and oil-ground rottenstone.

"The niggers ain't partickler as to mixin' their drinks," said a grinning seaman. "Jamalca rum and Worcester sauce for a likoor, an' ships' bread with rottenstone for desert."

The officers nodded a smiling approval; they knew that whatever comes out of a tin is considered edible by the Krooboy. Then the mate, turning his eyes seawards, saw a puff of white steam mingle with the yellow smoke rising from the Dunlin's funnel; it was now broad daylight, and the hoot of

the whistle warned him that the captain was growing impatient.

"Take me on to Sinou; you won't leave me here to be murdered," gasped the Liberian.

"No," said the mate; "if you like to chance landing on Sinou beach we'll stop for you. There's ten minutes for you to find your men in;" and officer and clerks disappeared into the bush.

Then a young French lad from a neighboring factory entered the compound. He had heard no noise in the night, but had just seen the smoke. The mate explained, and asked after his acquaintance the agent.

"Ah," said the lad, "the poor Chatrian he die—how you call him?—dysentery, and Canot he go back ver' sick; but you dejeune wit' us?"

The mate refused courteously, and while they stood laughing together the representative of the Liberian Republic returned, his dozen men following sheepishly behind him with neither scratch nor scar.

"The Krooboy he will not hurt us, *bon voyage*," said the young Frenchman raising his hat, and the big surf-boat went out on the backwash of a sea. Half swamped and battered she recrossed the breakers, and in due time shot alongside the Dunlin.

"They took us by surprise. We have drilled the soldiers on the Prussian system, and do not look for a foe that swims, climbs the verandah posts, and drops from the thatch without a noise," said the Liberian when he related what had happened on board the steamer. "But we made a heroic resistance."

"Heroic fiddlesticks! Tell that to the Monroviars or the marines," answered Captain Orme. "This is not the first time the wily savage has been one too many for the Republic."

Then the windlass panted and rattled, the cable came clanking home, and presently the Dunlin steamed out across the flashing swell, and so westwards until the palm-clad bluff and thundering beach faded away into the azure distance.

HAROLD BINDLOSS.

From The Contemporary Review.  
DOES AMERICA HATE ENGLAND?

This question has been much discussed of late in Britain; and the answer has generally been given in the affirmative; even the *Spectator*, a powerful and true friend of the Republic, has been reluctantly driven to that side.

But the correct answer to this inquiry depends upon what is meant by hatred, for this may be of two kinds—one deep, permanent, generally racial, which creates hereditary antipathy and renders the parties natural enemies; the other only temporary and skin-deep; indignation and resentment aroused by specific questions which pass with their settlement, leaving no serious estrangement behind.

That several causes exist, which must always create more or less irritation in the United States against Great Britain, is obvious. The Canadian question must always do so. Imagine Scotland Republican, owing allegiance to the United States, and constantly proclaiming its readiness to attack Britain at their bidding. The industrial question also has its effect. A score of articles "made in Germany" are causing irritation in England. What can a thousand articles "made in England" be expected to do in the United States? Industrial competitors, and the workmen employed by them, are very sensitive and easily irritated; and in our day, when every nation of the front rank aspires to manufacture and produce for its own wants, "Foreign commerce" and "Free Trade" do not always make for peace and goodwill among nations, but the contrary. Nations are disposed to resent industrial invasion, free trade Britain not less than Protective Germany.

But deeper than these causes of irritation there does lie at the core of the national heart of the Republic a strong and ineradicable stratum of genuine respect, admiration, and affection for the old home. The pride of race is always there at the bottom—latent, indeed, in quiet times, but decisively

shown in supreme moments when stirred by great issues which affect the safety of the old home and involve the race. The strongest sentiment in man, the real motive which at the crisis determines his action in international affairs, is racial. Upon this tree grow the one language, one religion, one literature, and one law which bind men together and make them brothers in time of need as against men of other races. This racial sentiment goes deeper and reaches higher than questions of mere pecuniary import, or of material interests. The most recent proof that this pride of race exists in America in an intense degree was given, even at the very height of the Venezuelan dispute, when it was suspected that a combination of European powers was behind Germany's action in regard to the Transvaal, which had for its aim the humiliation and ruin of Britain, and was taking advantage of the family quarrel to begin the partition of the possessions of the only other member of our race. When the plucky little island took up the challenge and prepared without a moment's hesitation to meet the world in arms, the American continent, from Maine to California, might be said to have burst forth in one wild cheer, a cheer which meant more than prosaic people will believe, and more, perhaps, than even the American knew who could not help the uncontrollable outburst; nor can one tell how far this impulse, which he could not check, would lead him when once in full swing. Senator Wolcott only expressed in the Senate what the outside millions felt; the average American just said to himself, "This is our own race, this is what we do; this is how we do it; of course we have some difference of our own with her, and we do not intend to let even our motherland light the torch of war upon our continent; she must arbitrate all questions concerning territory here—but this is a little family matter between ourselves. It does not mean that German, Russian, and Frenchman, or any foreigners, may combine to attack our race to its de-

struction, without counting us in. No, sir-ee."

No combination of other races is likely to estimate at a tithe of its true value the strength of this sentiment throughout our race, or correctly gauge how very much thicker than water our race blood will be found if it is ever brought to the test.

The message which President McKinley sent to Queen Victoria at her Jubilee was another evidence of race pride and was no mere formal effusion. More men in the United Kingdom than in the United States would hesitate to compliment and praise her Majesty and sing "God Save the Queen" with enthusiasm. She is universally recognized there as the truest of the true friends of the Republic, for she stood a friend when a friend was needed.

It is strange that such evidences of race unity at bottom, and of genuine, cordial friendship, should not outweigh some alleged lack of courtesy of expression in a message written by a president to his own Congress or by a secretary of state to his own minister. Yet the *Spectator* concludes that Americans hate England, and this opinion it bases upon such trifles as these.

Much stress has been laid in the discussion upon American schoolbooks reciting the facts of American history; this is held to make every American boy and girl a hater of England. This is undoubtedly true; and the pity of it is that there is no possible escape, for American history begins with the revolt of the colonies and their struggle for the rights of Britons. The Republic has never had a dangerous foe except Britain, for the short campaign against Mexico made no lasting impression upon the nation. It is impossible to do otherwise than state the facts as they occurred; and even if there were added the further facts that some of the greatest and best of British statesmen opposed the attempt to tax the colonies even at that early day, and that now the kindness and consideration with which Britain reigns over her colonies gives an example to the whole world, these things would make no

impression upon children. The young American must begin in our day as an intense hater of England; and this we must accept: generations will elapse before it can be greatly modified. On the other hand, it is impossible for any American to acquire further and more detailed knowledge of the struggle for independence, of the later treatment of her colonies by Britain, and of British history and the part his race has played in the Old World without becoming her admirer; and should he have British blood in his veins—which most Americans can boast—without being very proud of his race. It is upon this foundation that we have to build our hopes of closer union between the old and the new lands. Englishmen and Hessians fighting Washington must give place in the minds of the young, as they grow older, to other pictures in which Britain and America are seen standing side by side, the two great pillars of civil and religious liberty throughout the world, and the sole members of our race. Later must come the knowledge of Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, and Scott; then the political history of England, Cromwell, Sydney, Russell, Hampden, Chatham, Burke, and the many others, until the young American learns that from Britain he has derived, not only his language, but his laws, religion, and even his free institutions; and that the political institutions of the two countries are similar—one crowned, the other uncrowned—yet both Republican, since in both there is government of the people for the people and by the people, which is the essence of Republicanism. This is the chief point which influences the ardent young politician, and gives the old land at last a warm place in the heart of young America. From this time on, the race sentiment grows stronger and stronger in his heart as knowledge increases.

How different with the young Canadian and Australian, who learn with their first lessons that the rights of Britons have never been denied them, and find in Britain the most generous,

most illustrious, and kindest of mothers, whom they reverence and love from the beginning. Such the opposite results of tender and proper regard for colonies and dependencies and of denial to them of the rights and liberties enjoyed at home.

Whether at this day seeds of future hatred or affection are being sown in the hearts of the millions to come in various parts of the world, should be the vital question for statesmen engaged in empire-building. What an expanding nation would here do "highly, that should she holly," for assuredly empire founded upon violent conquest, conspiracy, or oppression, or upon any foundation other than the sincere affection of the people embraced, can neither endure nor add to the power or glory of the conqueror, but prove a source of continual and increasing weakness and of shame.

While, in the opinion of the writer, there is no deep-seated, bitter national hatred in the United States against Britain, there is no question but there has been recently a wave of resentment and indignation at her conduct. This has sprung from two questions:—

First, Ambassador Pauncefote and Secretary of State Blaine, years ago, agreed upon a settlement of the Behring Sea question, and Lord Salisbury telegraphed his congratulations, through Sir Julian Pauncefote, to Mr. Blaine. The two nations were jointly to police the seas and stop the barbarous destruction of the female seals. Canada appeared at Washington and demanded to see the president of the United States upon the subject. Audience was denied to the presumptuous colony; nevertheless, her action forced Lord Salisbury to disavow the treaty. No confidence here is violated, as President Harrison referred to the subject in a message to Congress. Britain was informed that if she presumed to make treaties in which Canada was interested without her consent, she would not have Canada very long. It will be remembered that Canada took precisely the same position in regard to

international copyright. It is this long-desired treaty-making power which Canada has recently acquired for herself, at least as far as concerns fiscal policy, so that she need no longer even consult her suzerain. She can now appear at Washington and insist upon being received when new tariff measures are desired, having suddenly become a "free nation," according to her prime minister. There are surprises in store here for the indulgent mother.

The repudiation of the Behring Sea settlement aroused a deep feeling of resentment, not only among the uninformed, but among the educated class of Americans, who were and are Britain's best friends; and this has been greatly embittered by charges, commonly made in British publications, that the United States has failed to adhere to the findings of the Behring Sea tribunal. Nothing could be more baseless than such a charge. The tribunal decided that the United States were liable for certain vessels seized which carried the British flag, and payment was directed to be made, either of a stated sum by mutual agreement, or, failing this, of damages to be assessed by a commission. The United States secretary of state agreed to a fixed sum with Ambassador Pauncefote, "subject to an appropriation by Congress"—those are the very words of the agreement. When the bill was presented in Congress for an appropriation, the ex-chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations, Mr. Hitt, rose and stated that it had been discovered that the fishing-boats in question were really owned, to a great extent, by naturalized Americans. Evidence had been found that a blacksmith in San Francisco, a British subject, had been paid \$100 to take title to these boats, so that the British flag could be prostituted to cover the killing of the female seals, which was unlawful under American law. Only about one-fifth of the amount claimed was due to Canadians, the remainder of the claim belonged to naturalized Americans, who had broken American

laws by engaging in this nefarious and unlawful traffic. Mr. Hitt asked that the right of the government, under the award, to have these claims examined by a commission, be exercised. Congress agreed to this, and the commission was promptly appointed and ratified by the Senate unanimously. It is now sitting, and the result, we venture to prophesy, will vindicate the contention of the United States government—viz., that a fraud has been attempted. Yet many British papers at intervals have repeated the charge that the United States government has been false to its obligations under the Behring Sea award. Charges of national dishonor—and such a charge involves this—always cause intense bitterness. Writers who make them falsely, as in this case, have much to answer for.

Much offence has been taken in Britain at Secretary Sherman's recent message about the destruction of the seals. It is said that he has not observed the usual diplomatic reserve and courtesy. Granted; but had he not some excuse for plain speaking? It is stated that before Mr. Sherman's letter was written—to his own minister, be it remembered, not to the British government—Lord Salisbury had already refused a conference on the subject. After that letter, Lord Salisbury thought better of it, and agrees to the conference, which is to meet immediately in Washington. How this matter is viewed in America is shown by the following cable from Washington in to-day's (Sept. 20) newspapers:—

The officials of the State department are not disposed to comment upon the correspondence which has been published relating to the fur seal question between Great Britain and the United States. They say, however, that it shows that the object sought by the government of the United States for the past three years has been attained by the agreement of Great Britain to participate in a conference to be held in October. They point out that the refusal of the British government heretofore to consent to such a conference led to the transmission to Mr.

Hay, United States Ambassador in London, of Mr. Sherman's note of May 10, which was followed by Lord Salisbury's reply agreeing to hold a conference.

The whole Behring Sea business has been mismanaged by Britain—as is believed contrary to her real wishes—simply because she could not govern her colony; the colony has governed her, as she will under Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his successors hereafter, as time will show.

The second cause of the bitter hostility which has been aroused recently against Britain is her conduct upon the Venezuela question. Let us look at the facts in this case. For many years the United States government urges upon Great Britain in the most courteous manner that the territorial dispute with Venezuela, her small Republican neighbor, should be settled amicably by arbitration. The sixteen American Republics having agreed to settle their disputes by arbitration, it is hoped that Britain will not attempt to light the torch of war upon the American continent. Mr. Gladstone's administration, through Earl Granville, foreign minister, agree to arbitrate. Lord Salisbury enters upon office, and immediately withdraws from the agreement and refuses to arbitrate. Repeated requests from the United States are made without result. Finally, President Cleveland appears upon the scene. Now President Cleveland has one great wish—namely, to bring about a treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and the United States. It was my privilege to introduce the first Parliamentary committee that approached him upon the subject. The interest he took in it was surprising, and his intimate friends well know that the consummation of the treaty of peace lies nearest his heart of all public questions. He is, beyond all things, a believer in the peaceful arbitration of international disputes.

He asks Britain for a final reply. Will she, or will she not, arbitrate this territorial dispute with Venezuela? Upon his return to Washington one



evening from a journey, he reads the refusal of Lord Salisbury, and writes his message before he retires for the night. It gives great offence in Britain, but this is because the British people do not know that for fifteen years the United States government has been begging Great Britain to arbitrate this question, and that Britain has agreed to do so. The message is not addressed to the British government but to the American Congress, and the president concludes by stating in effect that it will be the duty of the United States government to protect Venezuela should Britain presume to enforce her own views of her territorial rights.

There is no question but that the United States would have fought, or will to-day fight, any nation—even Britain—in defence of the principle of peaceful arbitration upon questions relating to the territorial rights of foreign powers upon the American continent. Sixteen of the seventeen American republics have agreed to arbitrate their differences, and why should a European power be permitted to make war on that continent thus dedicated to arbitration? Nations have their red rags. Every one knows that Great Britain would fight in defence of her right of asylum. Every one knows that she would defend her colonies to the extent of her power. There should be no mistake made by the British people upon this point, that the United States will not permit any European nation to attack an American State in consequence of a territorial dispute. These claims are to be settled by peaceful arbitration.

It is not alone the uninformed masses of the American people, whose passions would be inflamed in support of war in defence of this principle, but the educated classes, who will be found most determined in its defence; and it is upon these educated classes, for reasons stated, that Britain must depend for friends, because it is with education alone that there can come a just estimate of the past, and a knowledge of the position which the British people

hold to-day in regard to colonial liberties and to international arbitration. It is deeply to be regretted that, although public sentiment in Britain forced Lord Salisbury to accept peaceful arbitration, as requested by the United States government, nevertheless the majority of the American people cannot be successfully reached and impressed with that fact. The educated people, who follow foreign affairs, do know and appreciate that the best people in America had with them the best people in Great Britain in favor of settlement by arbitration, but to the masses it must unfortunately appear that Britain refused arbitration until forced to accept it by the United States. The truth, however, fortunately for our race, is that Lord Salisbury was forced by his own people to recede from his position. The questions which Britons might ask themselves, when seeking for some explanation of the hatred aroused in the United States recently against their country, seem to be these: Does not a nation deserve to be hated which refuses to fulfil its agreement to arbitrate a territorial dispute with a weak power? Is not irritation justified against a nation which, having agreed to a treaty settling seal fisheries, repudiates it at the dictation of a colony, with which the other contracting party has nothing whatever to do?

These are the only two questions which have recently aroused the United States against Britain. In that of Venezuela, we have seen that the unfortunate hatred engendered was wholly unnecessary and caused solely by Lord Salisbury refusing to carry out the agreement of his predecessor. Arbitration asked for by the United States has now been agreed to, and the question will soon be out of the way, and let us hope soon forgotten, although the triumph of the principle of peaceful arbitration in this case should ever be remembered.

The other question, that of pelagic sealing, is now to be in conference again, as before asked for by the

United States, but also refused by Lord Salisbury—at first—and in a fair way towards settlement; and let us hope it is soon also to be forgotten, always excepting that in this case also the principle of peaceful arbitration was invoked and peace preserved through the Behring Sea tribunal, even after the treaty agreed to was cancelled upon Canada's demand.

With the removal of these two causes of hatred there remains not a serious cloud upon the horizon between the two branches of our race at present. The proposed general treaty of arbitration is again to be taken up under happier conditions. It is greatly to Lord Salisbury's credit that he proposed it; and in recognition of this service to the cause of peace and good-will between the two nations, Americans are disposed to forgive and forget his unfortunate refusal to abide by the agreement of his country to arbitrate the Venezuelan question. As for the denunciation of the Behring Sea Treaty, which had been agreed upon with Secretary Blaine, no one conversant with the circumstances holds him responsible. He could not have successfully withstood Canada, and there was nothing for him to do but to repudiate.

The treaty, which failed of ratification, obtained, let it always be remembered, within six votes of the necessary two-thirds majority of the Senate. A greater number than these six votes was thrown against it, for reasons with which the treaty itself had nothing whatever to do. Into the personal and political history, however, of the opposition to the treaty, which President McKinley declared it was our duty to pass, it would be unprofitable to enter. It is impossible to obtain a two-thirds majority for any measure which becomes involved in the vortex of party politics and personal quarrels. A treaty of peace between the two branches of our race is certain to come. The pulpit, the press, the universities of the United States are its ardent supporters, President McKinley and his Cabinet being among the foremost. No

other question before the nation enlists such general enlightened support from the best men of both parties. There is, therefore, no reason in the world why the two nations should not now again draw closer and closer together. On both sides of the Atlantic each should be careful hereafter to give to the other no just cause of offence, and it may be taken as true that, Briton and American being of the same race, what would be offensive to the one would be equally so to the other.

Both Briton and American can dwell with the greatest satisfaction upon this fact, which recent events have conclusively proven, that there is in each country so powerful an element favoring peace within the race, that no government, however strong, either in the old land or in the new, can decline peaceful arbitration, when offered by the other, as the Christian substitute for the brutal test of war. No small compensation this, even for the estrangement which has arisen over two questions, but which is now rapidly passing away, leaving fortunately unimpaired in the Republic that element which may be trusted to determine international action in a crisis—pride of race—a force lying too deep in the national heart to be revealed under calm seas, but which, under the recent swing of the tempest, bared its great head high enough above the surge to be seen and noted of all men—a dangerous rock upon a fatal shore, for other races in combination, to strike against—if ever they attempt to sail that unsailed sea.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
AT THE CORONATION OF GEORGE IV.  
LETTER FROM MISS ROBERTSON OF  
GEORGE SQUARE, EDINBURGH, TO  
HER MOTHER.

[Miss Elizabeth Robertson (born 1766, died 1858), second daughter of David Robertson, H.E.I.C.S., and Marion Forbes. After retiring from service in

the Indian Navy, her father settled in 1760 at Loretto, Musselburgh, and afterwards in George Square, Edinburgh, and died in 1790.

She was one of a family of ten, consisting of four sons and six daughters, the latter of whom all died unmarried—the shortest-lived reaching 78 years, and the longest-lived 95 years. It is now thirty-three years since the last survivor passed away at this venerable age. For many years she and her sisters afforded in their house, 46 George Square, to nephews and nieces, to grand-nephews and grand-nieces, a glimpse of Scottish ladies of the olden time. Talent, taste, and travel combined to give a charm and piquancy to their conversation, and to make them the centre of a large and interested circle of relatives and friends.

We are indebted to Major-General D. Robertson, late of the Indian army, a grand-nephew of the writer, for the opportunity of placing the letter before our readers.]

*Tuesday, July 24, 1821.*

Here is the longest sheet I can find, and were it ten times longer, and had each of my ten fingers the pen of a Walter Scott busy at its point, the tenth part of all I have seen since this day ten days would hardly be told. Walter's pen alone can attempt, with any hopes of success, to give an idea of the witchery of the scene represented in Westminster Hall and Abbey. It was the realization of scenes he has given lively paintings of; but, as he confessed himself (for I had the happiness of having him next me for several hours during the king's banquet), far surpassing what imagination could form an idea of, except in a fairy-inspired dream. Several of the newspapers have given a very faithful account of all the marshalling of the procession, and all the forms and ceremonies, but as you will observe, if you read them, none of them have said one word of where or what *your daughter* was or did; that they have left for me to tell, and as I have survived to tell the tale after twenty-four hours of excitation, rejoicing, and the consequent fatigue, I may as well employ this my first quiet hour to say as much as I can, and to carry you

along through the whole of my gay life.

I shall turn back to where I left Henry one day, when I was snatched away from him and Lady Willoughby's party just after I had, with nerves screwed to their utmost pitch, done the courageous thing to enter that magnificent palace, the residence of ancestors since the flood: through halls and stairs and troops of servants, I was ushered into a magnificent drawing-room, where numerous lords and ladies fair were in groups here and there and everywhere. Lady Perth was near the entrance, . . . where I was presented to a little *croodendoo* of a woman that hardly reached my elbow; dressed like a true widow indeed, . . . and then I saw Lady Elphinstone and her daughter, Miss Carmichael, and black Charlotte, who lives with Lady Willoughby, so very genteel: keeps her own carriage and footman, and is with her tall quite grand; and she was very good-natured, came and sat by me, and told me all the people. There was Lady Exeter and Lady Cecil, her *belle-fille*, and there was the Duke of Wellington's brother, Wellesley Pole (the day before created Lord Maryborough), and Miss Fitzroy, his niece, etc. Amongst the throng I saw a face quite familiar to me, that tormented me to find out who she was or where I had seen her. She spoke to me, yet still I could not tell, but in the coach Lady P. told me, and it was that *fine bust of a woman*, from the chin downwards, that visited in our house when Elly was two-and-twenty months old, called Mrs. Villiers.

Well, at eleven o'clock we proceeded—after having seen the exhibition of the herb-women, who were all ladies (you must know Lady Willoughby is the hereditary *lord* great chamberlain of England, and her son, Lord Gwydyr, is only her deputy; they had come to show themselves to her, as she was not to go to the Coronation)—we proceeded to the Hon. Mrs. Stanhope's, where was a great rout in an elegant house, and there were Lady Hertford and the Duchess of Richmond, and heaps of my

new grand acquaintances. Lord St. Helens and I were again *comrades*, a very gentle, oldish sea lord; but tell Hunt, nowhere except in the procession of peers have I again set eyes on Lord Glenburnie. Home we went at the sma' hours. You may guess my bed a blythe sight to me after all I had gone through that day.

Wednesday, the town took the most wonderful appearance; there, from our windows, we saw the Scots Greys scampering by one way and the Life Guards another, two or three regiments inspecting in the Park, drums beating, trumpets sounding, coaches-and-four rattling by, filled with nobles arriving, lamps putting up for the illuminations, Congreve busy just under us preparing his fireworks, millions of people hurrying wherever there was anything to look at, showmen on stages, and *fowls* jumping—in short, such a hubbub as was enough to drive any sober head from the country mad, except mine, which I continue to keep always very sane on my shoulders. Lady Perth going out on some business, I sat down in the full sight of all and wrote the scrawl to Hunt, which a member came in very opportunely to frank. The coach came, and off we set to go to see many people and the *outside* of Westminster, which was a perfect curiosity with scaffolding, but such the immensity of the crowd we never could pass Charing Cross. In coming along Pall Mall we fell in with such a show! Just as we approached the palace we saw it was *levée*-day, and at that moment all the foreign princes in their State carriages, and attended by their State-dressed servants, came in a train past us, and no words can describe the glare of these carriages. The Duc de Gramont's was bright geranium color, covered with coronets and borders of the most brilliant enamel, the livery bright yellow, with crimson satin linings and covered with silver. Some were bright green and purple, with lilac servants, covered with gold—in short, it was perfectly dazzling, and more gaudy than the Croesus on Hansel Monday. As the Duc de Gramont

passed me in his golden jacket, I could not help thinking, "Changed days with you, Mr. Pamela, since you and I last parted (as Marianne will well recollect) in the striking style, close by our Abbey of Holyrood."

After much driving we came home to an early dinner at six o'clock: Lady Elphinstone and her son the young lord, and daughter, and young Stewart of Gairntully dined, and they all went and Lady Perth to a party at nine, and I, after laying my coronation robes in order to be ready, to my bed as fast as I could and got in by ten. I had just fallen fast asleep when I was awoken by a candle and maid at my bedside. "Is it half-past two?" said I. "Oh no," said she, "only eleven; but there is a beautiful young gentleman in the drawing-room going mad to see you, and to hear about his ticket for the coronation." This was John Pringle. I could only with my eyes half open tell where Lady Perth was, and off he set and left me to repose till a quarter before two, when up I got (a lovely moon), and at that hour, carriages beginning to pass down by Park Lane, with court plumes in them, although the doors of the hall were not to be open till four. I dressed very smart in my new white satin, with all the white feathers I could catch and all the brilliant things. I had a beautiful hothouse bouquet to match my trimming. I eat a breakfast I had bespoke overnight—a large mess of sago, with wine and sugar and a biscuit. Just when it was over, a message came from Lady Morton that Admiral Halkett was coming in for me. In his full uniform he appeared *chapeau bas*, and we met the carriage at the door, come with General Brown and Helen Home, and off we drove.

At Hyde Park Corner we caught the string of carriages and got into our place. It then struck four, and we were two miles from the hall. Our way (there were five different ways) was down Grosvenor Street and to the side of the Thames, by which we travelled at the rate of a mile an hour, the carriages extending in one close string that length before us, and as far be-

hind. The morning was quite inspiring, and the breezes from the river acted on us like champagne. The crowd was immense on both sides, and at that early hour thousands of nice-dressed misses were walking on the pavements, and all the windows filled with people, every human being in the highest spirits and best humor. The Hussars and fierce-looking Culrassiers had nothing to do but look beautiful in their full costume and armed *cap-à-pie*, scampering about, their immense plumes floating in the morning breeze. Exactly at six we reached the Hall gate, and were as quietly set down as ever I was at Lady Mary Clark's rout.

But here came the moment big, as I thought, with my ruin; for when our tickets were examined by an elegant page in scarlet and gold, mine was for Lord Gwydyr's box, and all the other four for the place destined for the peers' friends. My heart died within me when, without the stop of a moment, a page presented his arm to me, and I was torn from my friends. This page was a navy captain, and friend of the admiral's, so he had only time to say, "Take care of the lady," when a call of the "Princess Augusta" made every one stand round as far as they could, and the sweetest-looking, unpresuming princess was squeezed close against my arm. My page and I followed her, and we entered an anteroom behind the throne. She soon reached her seat on the right of it. I had to promenade past it, and down the steps and all along the Hall, and then up a stair and along a passage till my page placed me where the ticket directed in the chamberlain's box, and bowing, left me to my fate. At first all my senses were scattered, and I only had as much gumption as to think, "Here am I to sit amongst perfect strangers for twenty-four hours, and never again see my friends;" but being a *composed creature*, I soon gathered my scattered ideas, and on looking round, found the following people near me—viz., Lady Elphinstone, her son, daughter, and Charlotte Elliot, Abercainey, his wife and Miss Erskine, James Hunter Blair,

William Wauchope, and Mrs. Spottiswood. Can you conceive such luck? Besides them there were about a hundred Englishers, peeresses, that had preferred it to their own seats, that they might be near their daughters. All the rest were peers' daughters. Lady Gwydyr herself was in a box near the throne, called the royal, because the king named who should be asked there. It was filled with all the ministers' wives, blazing like jewels, the favorite and her daughters, and all the beauties to the amount of twenty-five only. My seat was quite to my taste, being exactly the centre of the Hall, and the second row, with a niece of the Duke of Wellington before me, who had young feathers. She obligingly always gave me plenty of room to come front when I liked; indeed, never, I dare say, was there such a family of love as all London exhibited that day—everybody spoke to their neighbor as if they had been born brothers. The mob did nothing worse than say how elegant and beautiful we were, and the pickpockets were so busy being happy, they kept their ready fingers out of their neighbors' ple, for never was there known on any day fewer accidents or transgressions.

We had to amuse ourselves the best way we could from six to eight, and Queen Caroline did her best to amuse us. There came a *sough* to the Hall that the queen was come down, and that she had got into the Abbey alone. Just as the crowded boxes and galleries were all murmuring about this news, we were electrified by a thundering knock at the Hall door, and a voice from without loudly said, "The queen, open." A hundred red pages ran to the door, which the porter opened a little, and from where I sat I got a glimpse of her, leaning on Lord —, followed by Lady — and Lady —, standing behind the door on their own *ten toes*, with the crossed bayonets of the sentry under her chin. She was raging and storming and vociferating, "Let me pass; I am your queen, I am queen of Britain." The lord high chamberlain was with the



king, but he sent his deputy, who, with a voice that made all the Hall ring, cried, "Do your duty, shut the Hall door," and immediately the red pages slapped it in her face! By the time she got where I saw her there was not a creature at her heels but Lady — and trollopy Lady —, so that no one had the least fear of the consequence of a door being banged in the face of the queen of Britain!

As you would see by the papers, the king entered the Hall about nine o'clock. After all the procession had been marshalled in the Hall, and it was so bright and light where I sat, I was so near the assembled nobles that I could have spoken to them all, but I only had nods from those I knew. It was a most imposing sight. Everything that was grand or noble in our noble island, in that noblest of all halls, glittering with gold, silver, and precious stones, ten million [*sic!*] of plumes slightly waving in the morning breeze, admitted by the high Gothic windows being open in the roof. Rising at once as the king entered, at the same moment the fine band played "God save the king." The prayer was granted, for although much agitated at first, almost to fainting, he soon recovered, and looking round, held out his hand to the Duke of York, who with zeal and great affection bent as he took it and pressed it to his good fat heart. The king then good-naturedly spoke to all his little pages and train-bearers; one of them was Lord D., the Duke of Wellington's son, whom he shook by the hand. The procession then moved on exactly as described by the newspapers, and when the king rose again, we all did. It is impossible to conceive the beauty of the scene. The king looked with great exultation, and as he passed under me, I almost heard what he said to the Archbishop of Canterbury, as he pointed first to the one side and then to the other where the ladies sat, gave a look of admiration, and clasped his hands. So collected was he that at that moment he observed the beautiful Miss Seymour, who has been brought up by Mrs. Fitzherbert, and

kindly smiled and nodded. She stood exactly next me, by which means I caught a bit of his smile, and it did my heart good to see him look so happy. It was about ten, I fancy, when he passed to the Abbey, and from my place I saw the procession for as long a way as from our house to Lady Purves', taking that sort of turn up the platform, and beautiful it looked, glittering in the bright sunshine through the high Gothic gateway.

For many hours I had been delightfully seated between two such agreeable Englishmen, my Scotch ones having been squeezed away by the fate of woe. The one was Colonel Cotton of the Guards, a particular friend of the king's, and I thought the most agreeable man I ever met with, and on mentioning so to Lady Perth, she said I was quite right, he was accounted the very pleasantest man in London. On my other hand was another almost as delightful, an acquaintance of Cotton's, who always called him Lord Charles. They knew every living soul, and took such pains to point them all out to me, and during our long morning seat we had so much conversation on every subject, such fun and laughing, I never spent so pleasant a five hours in my life.

But now came my difficulties. I had a ticket for the Abbey. About one-half of the Hall company moved off there, but, alas! I was far from my admiral, and I had discovered neither Cotton nor Lord Charles's tickets went to the same place with mine. If I could have had courage to ask either of them to take me with them! Cotton had Lady Augusta, his wife, and Lord Charles had a young missle of a daughter, and both were afterwards in despair when they found I had a ticket and did not go, which I could have done with Lady Elphinstone, but I perfectly lost courage, for the crowded passages, and the fear of never getting back to my delightful seat, and to see the champion and banquet. After hesitating I at last let Lady E. and black Charlotte go without me, and, sure enough, they never could reach their good seats

again, as naturally those left in the box took the best. Mine was so good I did not change it, but left my shawl on it while we went about to amuse ourselves. Some scampering about there was in search of food. About twelve o'clock my hunger became so outrageous I verily thought I would have died. I had stretched myself out to try and *sleep*, and forget it, when a most entertaining page (they were all gentlemen) had his dinner brought to him, as he did not dare to leave his post at our box door. He asked me to partake of it, which I most joyfully accepted, and he cut up his cold fowl with a pen-knife, and gave me all the breast on a lump of bread. Never had I tasted anything half so delicious. I was forced to offer some to Lady Middleton and the Misses Broderick, and some friends who were next me. They spared my hen, some one having gone for something for them; but the Duke of Wellington's niece was glad of a bit, and his niece I did not grudge it on. I was quite another creature after this banquet, and could with more patience see the king's laid out on the tables under us.

We really did get good fun during our wait, and at two o'clock the guns firing told us the crown was fairly on the head of the 4th George. I, and all my friends around, began next to suffer from thirst: many set out in search of water, but my page touched me on the shoulder, and asked if I could drink ale, and a large tumbler of that liquid went over like nectar; but a little after, a tumbler of Madeira was the true ambrosia. The exhaustion was so great, I might have drunk a gallon. A French nobleman gave me two oranges and a biscuit. I rather thought monsieur took a fancy for me, and I shall never forget his real kindness. This comfortable feed being over, the peeresses and folks began to come hurrying back from the Abbey, and then it was "*he* to a seat, and *she* to a seat, and *highle mickle* to a seat." I was as well pleased I had not left mine, as few people had got a good one at the Abbey, owing to those people

who had only Abbey tickets being before them. When all were again seated, and *more* than the all that went away, I looked and saw my Cotton at my back, so happy to meet again that we shook hands!

Now was the sight of sights. All the marshalled peers entered and ranged themselves, forming a noble hedge on each side of the hall, their coronets now on their heads. Never shall I forget the Grand Cross Knights, each with about fifty, some sixty, long white feathers in their hats, which the air tossed in all directions, as three and three they all entered under the arch, many of them with honorable scars, some with wooden legs, some without an arm—all of them having served their king and country. First of the princes came Leopold, and being a Knight of the Garter, his robes were dark blue, which amongst all the crimson looked very well, and suited his melancholy cast of countenance. Many feelings were expressed on his fine countenance. At last the king—now an anointed one—his royal diadem on his head and crimson robe exchanged for the imperial purple, under his canopy of burnished gold entered the gate. But oh! the feelings of the moment when that immense multitude outside and inside the hall burst forth as if with one voice, "God save the King! long live our king!" and the trumpets sounded, and the music struck up "God save the King!" The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, the men their hats, the knights their many feathers, the soldiers their helmets, whereat Walter Scott, who by that time had got on my right hand, could alone make any one not present comprehend the splendor or the feeling with which the scene was seen. To the papers you must go for all that was done on his return. I shall only tell you what I felt, when at last I saw the Duke of Wellington on his prancing war-horse, the stirrup held by his little silver page, Lord Chorley, his youngest son! I really could have eat up the boy, he looked so enchanting and so like another Wellington, so undaunted as the

horse pranced, he minded not his own little feet. They favored us four times, riding up and backing out before and after each course, between the courses, and the champion came attended by the Duke and Lord Howard, and, poor lad, he really did it well, and carried off a handsome gold cup for his pains, no one gainsaying him. It was delightful to watch Walter Scott's face when he saw the reality of what he has described, and much it lightened up as the Duke of Argyle, sword in hand, with such royal grace walked up the hall. Walter and I at one moment exclaimed, "MacCallum More;" and Glen-garry, in full Highland costume, likewise made Walter's een blink, he brought the Land of Cakes so favorably before us. The Duke of Athole, with his falcons on his hand, likewise moved our Scotch hearts—in short, it was all like a beauteous, splendid dream, and I awoke and wondered for the first time how my party and I were once again to meet. I have no room for all the huzzaing of the king we did, but I must say nothing could be more affecting or more graceful and royal than the manner the king rose. After we had all joined the choristers in singing "God save the King," raising his hands, he pronounced in a full manly voice that was heard all over the Hall, "God bless my peers and all my people," and seizing a golden cup, bowed all round and drank. I am sure even you must have heard in your dining-room the burst of acclamation that succeeded.

When everything was over, I looked towards my friends on the opposite side. The admiral pointed to the Hall, I understood him and instantly nodded, and, attended by a page, reached it with ease. Sir Alexander Don met me and gave me his arm till my party came down their stair. We then enjoyed a royal rout. All sorts of people crowded the Hall, peers and peeresses, bishops and Cuirassiers, French and Spaniards, Persians and Medes, for all I knew—in fact, the best rout I ever was at; and then one met and shook

hands with friends, and a lovely bishop gave me a large glass of wine-and-water, and we walked towards the throne, and saw the king sitting with a most comfortable face, enjoying the scene, and that it was near bedtime and all well over. Just as he prepared to retire we hurried away, and, arm-in-arm with the admiral, we reached the gate at the House of Lords. A policeman called our servants. They both instantly appeared. The carriage was exactly a mile from the door. Away we walked, a heavenly evening. The mob, perfect lambs, did nothing but admire how beautiful we were. We got the carriage—it had room to turn. We left the string and got safe home. In half an hour a nice dinner at nine o'clock at Lady Morton's. Went home at ten, found a smart party of all the Percys of Northumberland assembled to see the fireworks in the Park, which were superb, and Allan might well have said, "It was £50 not ill spent." More than ten thousand people were standing under us, all in good humor and quietness. Lady Perth was dining with Mrs. Fitzherbert. I had to do the honors to the Percys. They went at 11.30. I wrote to Jane Campbell to let her know all was safe. Lady P. came. I had to tell my news: went to my room and undressed at the window that I might not miss the fireworks, and into my bed more dead than alive, exactly twenty-four hours after rising. I slept like a stone, drove all over the town next day, dined with a pleasant party at Becky Scott's: and came home to dress for the Gwydyr's grand rout. Lady P. not well, could not go, went to bed instead. Next night the Opera, crowded to excess; all the royal family there, loyalty excessive; "God save the King," encored, sung by the whole house. At church; Park; to the Duke of Buccleugh's in the evening. Packed on Monday morning. So ends my tale and paper. Tell Mrs. Blair that I have got a lovely watered tabby which all the London ladies make their pelisses of.

From The Speaker.

DEAN VAUGHAN.

The immediate obituary of a notable man is almost of necessity partial: the pressure of recent personality, the softening overshade of death, the tenderness for near survivors, incline to respectful eulogium rather than to critical analysis; yet Dean Vaughan would have been the first to desire that even ephemeral notices of his life should prefer verity to sentiment, should reflect sharply the impress made upon the writers by his life and character, should exemplify, undimmed by the haze of reverence, the apostolic maxim often on his lips—to be true first and to be loving afterwards.

In his case the meed of admiration may be assumed; external success, internal development, marked every stage of his career. His school and college course was one continuous gazette of honors; he lifted Harrow out of the decay in which the pious inefficiency of Dr. Wordsworth had involved it; he made Doncaster a higher training school for Orders, and drew to it a far finer class of men than any Diocesan college of the day could show, scornfully refusing the intellectual sterility and the routine overwork of an episcopal throne. He accepted gleefully the Temple Mastership as to his mind the crown of Anglican preferment—"there are many bishops," he is reported to have said, "but only one Master of the Temple;" converted the nominal dignity of his tiny Llandaff Deanery into a resumption of his loved educational work by establishing a cathedral school, and peopling his decanal house with able graduates in training for the ministry. Rare domestic happiness and length of years, vigorous almost to their close, set the seal to a complete, well-rounded life overflowing with what Bacon calls the Old Testament ideals of blessing.

A certain separateness marked his life's attitude and character throughout. Amongst the first batch of Arnold's Rugby pupils, contemporary with Stanley, a little senior to Clough,

the young Arnolds, and the Hugheses, he left Rugby, not for Oxford but for Cambridge, and so underwent an early reaction from the Arnoldism which clung much longer to his contemporaries. His old schoolfellow, Dean Lake, who survives him, used to quote his cynical saying that five years were necessary to undo the mischievous effect of Arnold's influence. His Harrow boys respected him with all their might, but both boys and masters stood in awe of him; he was ever throned and sceptred. Nor was he, like Arnold or Samuel Butler, a passionately enthusiastic master; he took the post, he told his friends, with the intention of relinquishing it after sixteen years of work; and he literally kept his word. At Doncaster he was still always the headmaster; his move from public school to parish was felt to be a condescension rather than a promotion, and he utilized the feeling. Nowhere in England could be found nobler sermons, finer parochial organization, more beautiful services; but, like Milton's sage and holy goddess, the vicar "kept his wonted state," adopting always, in the working of his parish, the line of action which his judgment or his temperament dictated, without caring for or without needing popularity; preaching, for instance, against the races which fill the town exchequer while they lower its morality; honoring in the breach, with Hamlet, the time-consecrated custom of ringing the church bells to welcome the riffraff which the races attracted to the town. At the Temple, "Master" in act as well as in name, he was frequently at issue with the Benchers. He belonged to no party, wore no label, never appeared on public platforms, took no share in social or political controversies. He angered Churchmen by his outspoken defence of "Essays and Reviews" when Temple's post at Rugby was threatened; he bitterly disappointed Liberals by his advocacy of Church Establishment. "Establish Mumbo Jumbo if you like," his old Trinity College acquaintance, the late Dean of Lincoln, used to say, "so long as you

establish something." "I would rather," said Vaughan, at Cardiff, "that the Baptist denomination should be established and endowed than that there should be no Establishment at all." So, again, from the great theological urgencies pressing on men's minds of late he stood entirely aloof; on modern Biblical criticism, rationalizing disintegration of miraculous and prophetic evidence, relegation of morality to inherited prepossession for social arrangement, substitution of automatic development for personal creation, he remained *unice securus*: postulating what he called "the Gospel," the cardinal New Testament assumptions as formulated in the Athanasian Creed, he followed them out contentedly into maxims of every-day life and ideals of spiritual attainment. His Temple sermons, brief, condensed, logical, enlivened ever and anon by unexpected eloquent allusions to stirring subjects of the day, attracted the cultured aspiration and literary receptiveness in which the English bar abounds; but those who came in hope that deeper doubts might be resolved, scientific assaults disproved, who craved to learn on what the Christian tortoise stands, how were to be defended and established the foundations on which rose so graceful and confident an edifice of faith and conduct, went away as they came and returned no more. Yet this undoubting application of assumed premisses gave him special hold upon the younger men whom he loved to train. That Vaughan held and believed a theological position was quite enough for the "Doves" of Doncaster, the later students of Llandaff; with them he habitually unbent, lavishing on them the rare attractiveness which lay in wait behind his more ceremonious, ordinary manner. The ablest of the men—the most conspicuous, at any rate, not a few filling places to-day on the English and Colonial Bench—who passed through his hands in all those years are marked notably by their master's characteristics; not by self-regardless search for truth, not by spiritual enthusiasm, but by deep piety

and persuasive earnestness on the one hand, on the other by straitly curbed intelligence and well-broken conscience. One special service he rendered to his pupils and through them to his Church: he kept before them the necessity of *learning* to a clergyman, learning not theological merely, but scientific, literary, artistic; wide reading in the storehouse of the past, concurrent familiarity with modern thought and modern topics; learning, without which an English clergyman abdicates respectful social acceptance by the higher class of mind, strips his sermons of the imagery and scholarship and allusion, the treasure of "things new and old," which alone amongst intellectually fastidious hearers gains entrance for his sacred message. It was, in fact, amongst the educated and thoughtful, and amongst them alone, that his own mission lay. In an East-End congregation his polished essayist sermons would have fluttered broken-winged to the ground; to the class which Sunday after Sunday thronged the Temple seats, averse from fanatical enthusiasm, craving cultured piety, and authority sustained at any rate by apparent logical consistency, he rendered Christianity acceptable.

Recalling him as the present writer encountered and admired him from time to time—when, new to Harrow life, he came to Winchester to confer with Moberly and study the working of the school, while we boys gazed with interest at the strong, massive, youthful face amongst us in the chapel service; then as cap-and-gowned head master more than ten years later on a Harrow Speech Day, with old Palmers-ton and Macaulay amongst the visitors, and young Trevelyan reciting his Latin poem on a journey up the Rhine; in the Temple Church one special Sunday of 1876, when he preached to us on the "Publicity of Bible Life," while Coleridge, half-blind Sir John Karslake, and Sir Henry James sat near one another amongst the audience; as an old man, lastly, in his Llandaff stall not very long ago, the freshly renovated cathedral with its Rossetti altar-



piece within, without the pretty churchyard watered by the rippling Taffy—we feel as we lay this last tribute on his tomb how complete, how full, how fortunate a life was his. A brilliant university student, a successful and revered head master, an organizer so quietly effective as to create and to sustain without faddism and without fuss the countless agencies of a great and populous parish, a preacher so masterful and so eloquent as to fill the minds and stir the hearts of just that section of the community which forsakes public worship ordinarily because, finding sermons dull, we can recall no ecclesiastic of our time whose life has more truly orbited into a perfect whole, none with whom prosperity and usefulness, internal piety and outward happiness, well-won popularity and conscious integrity of purpose and achievement, have so fraternally and so continuously travelled hand in hand.

W. T.

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From Travel.

THE LAND OF THE BEY.

Looking back and recalling my first impressions of eastern cities I think I was invariably disappointed. When you contemplate an approaching delight, you dwell so long on its promised charms that the reality hardly ever comes up to the fancy. So it is that when a man obtains his first glimpse of Niagara Falls he is surprised to find they are not nearly so tremendous and inspiring as he expected. It is some days before the majestic rush of the river lays hold of the imagination and enthalls it. And just in the same way I confess Oriental capitals failed at the outset to arouse any other feeling than mild regret in my mind. Constantinople presented nothing but a string of Greek and Italian shops; Jerusalem was positively plebeian with its new railway station, scores of cabs, and hundreds of hotel touts; Cairo was as French as the Boulevard des Italiens.

But Tunis was the most marked case. And just, perhaps, because the initial disappointment was so great, so the ultimate realization was the most delightful. As the steamer slowly pants its way up the canal, dredged through the salt lake lying within the most lovely bay in the world, you indulge in a feast of imagination, revelling in eastern fantasy and picturesque eccentricity. And then you are landed at the most prosaic of wharfs, and you haggle with the boatman who wants to overcharge you, condemn his eyes and grandmother to perdition, while he calls upon Allah to witness that as a matter of fact he is not charging you more than half the ordinary price. Instead of being confronted with curious scenes you scramble into a racketsy tramcar, which goes swinging along a dusty road up to the centre of Tunis, where the boulevards are Parisian, all the hotels are French, everything in the shops is French, and they are chiefly Frenchmen and Frenchwomen that you meet. No wonder you are disappointed.

Less than a century ago Tunis was the headquarters of piracy. But piracy of the daring, swash-buckling, throat-cutting kind, with gigantic, heavy-canvased, but tight-rigged dhows, sweeping down on unfortunate merchant vessels, with the clash of cutlasses, and the indiscriminate pitching overboard of crews, has, like a good many other things, that made life in the old days life indeed, gone to the wall. Piracy now is limited to ships' stewards, cabmen, and hotel proprietors. But in this, maybe, Tunis differs little from other parts of the world.

A hot, dry breeze blows in from the desert, and all the most energetic of world wanderers can do is to sit under a veranda, idly sway a fan, and call for many iced drinks—the joy of civilization and the ruin of digestion. To loiter in front of the cafés is the only apparent occupation of a few thousand French folk who live in the Land of the Bey, and you may wander for a fortnight without encountering a single Briton. It never struck me that the

French care much for their Protectorate. They are as listless as a bundle of defeated county councillors, and do nothing but yearn for their own delightful boulevards. Still, they make the best of it, and in parts of the French colony you might almost fancy you were in Normandy. There are the cafés and the palms, the forenoon absinthe, and the afternoon coffee; there are the kiosks where you may get the Parisian papers brought over in the mail boat from Marseilles last night; there is the irrepressible, smooth-cheeked waiter; the aroma of innumerable cigarettes, and the clatter of vivacious tongues! In the short eventide a few of the residents mount their bicycles and go with their wives for an hour's spin. But the machines are of the wretched old-fashioned type, which even a Peckham draper's assistant would scorn. The women are the best riders. Without exception they wear something after the rational type of costume. Their nether garments are not artistic, being a sort of cross between the conventional knickerbocker and the bloomer. Clearly the problem of a substitute for petticoats has yet to be solved in Tunis as elsewhere. But if the dames lack grace, they insist on displaying prowess by "scorching" in a manner that would positively put a Brighton road cyclist to the blush. While the men paddle along leisurely enough, the women bend over the handles and swing round the corners with a rapidity dangerous to the slouching natives. At night, when the Rue de Paris is illuminated, and all the cafés flash their mirrors, and the soothing strains of a drowsy waltz steal on the ear from over the way, you would indeed fancy you were in a French provincial town were it not for the fleeting, white-robed, but dusky-figured Arabs, shuffling along in their heel-less slippers to their own haunts further up the hill.

But there is another picture to be seen in Tunis. It is one that brings all your floating fancies into actuality. When you look upon it, you are transported from your own world to a won-

der world of wizards, legends and romance. Writing this after having been in many gorgeous eastern lands, I can recall no more quaint and Oriental sights than I saw in the native quarter of the town. What marvel, then, that I preferred to get away from the restaurants and to dawdle away both forenoon and afternoon in narrow, twisted streets, where only an occasional European was to be seen, and to put up with the disadvantage of vile, unsavory smells for the sake of forgetting, among the crowds of brightly clad men and women, with their white cloaks and red and yellow sashes, their hoods of brown and crimson, that there is a Piccadilly Circus, and letting Hyde Park become little more than a dim vision.

The streets are filthy, but the houses white, irregular, and angular, rearing high, so that the glare of the sun streaming down from a cloudless sky throws fantastic shadows at every corner. Sitting at the door of the café, you gaze curiously and idly at the ever-changing throng—the tall Arabs, the fierce-eyed Bedouins, the slouching Turks, and the graceful Greeks, and the Arab boys shrieking at one another's donkey for getting in the way, the call of the fruit seller, the women who glance furtively at you with sparkling eyes from behind black veils, and clear-skinned Jewesses, who frolic and giggle and show their daintily embroidered waistcoats and still more dainty shoes.

It is delightful in the heat of the day to loll back in the shade, permitting the fancy to roam freely, and to weave an Arabian romance of your own, for there is nothing so ideal in this much-abused world as being systematically lazy. That is, not to be troubled with even a newspaper, but to do nothing more arduous all day long than twirl an occasional cigarette, and to glance at one's watch to see how far off is the dinner hour. And you can be idle most congenially in Tunis, for the panorama of ever-changing life is just sufficient to keep the imagination awake.

So through the long day I wandered

along the high-walled alleys, under deep arches where ugly old creatures, blinking in the sun, held out their palsied hands for alms, and up the roadways with quaint dim-shadowed shops, where no business ever seems to be done. There is little of architecture as we understand it. The houses have big, wide, swinging doors, but the interiors are lost in darkness. Before the windows are iron-wrought cages, and from these the women look down on the throng. They are olive-skinned and black-haired, and their eyes are large and beautiful, and with their gowns of softened tints, arouse the admiration of the passer-by. But of women in the streets there are few. There is, however, a continuous passing of men in brilliant, fantastic attire, sauntering I know not where. Frequently you find a row of a dozen or so perched on their haunches close to the wall and idly gossiping. Now and then you stumble across a party of card players, sitting in the middle of the pavement, and with glasses of sweetened water by their side. On a door-step you spy an old man, terribly wizened, and with skin parched and cracking, his feeble eyes unable to look at you, softly crooning and nursing his little grandson. A donkey, no larger than a decent-sized dog comes ambling along with jingling bells, and bearing a fat old man and his servant.

Over the hubbub is the shout of the melon seller, who has perpetually to whisk his fruit to keep off the swarm of flies. Every shop where food is sold has a small cloud of flies before the open windows, and the proprietor stands by the hour whisking them away with a horse's tail. There was one fat old Turk who sat tallorwise in his shop window, an interesting picture with his scarlet pantaloons, his snow-white shirt and gold-braided jacket, and huge fez over his sallow and close-cropped, bearded cheeks, who whisked the flies with considerable grace. His dull eyes were ever fixed on the folks outside, while he waved the whisk artistically round the shop. Hour after hour he was going

through the same evolutions, just as he must have gone through them year by year before I ever set eyes on him. Gangs of camels, heavily laden with merchandise, swing along to the town gates for a long march across the desert. A bare-chested negro, with no clothing save a fez and white linen bags for trousers, shouts at and beats the animals as they press their way through the crowd. When two gangs of camels meet there is confusion, and I suppose there is plenty of vigorous Arabic. Everybody who drives anything, be it a carriage, cart, camel, mule, or goat, can never pass without a quarrel.

The most picturesque time of the day is between four o'clock in the afternoon and sunset, when the bells toll for all true Moslems to kneel in prayer. During these couple of hours the native cafés are crowded. The portly merchants gather round the small tables, or squat in groups under the verandas to smoke and chat. When the sun falls down upon the square, filled with every type of the North African races, tall, swarthy, and defiant-eyed, with only a few withered palms near a bubbling fountain to give relief to the warm roseate hues; when the black complexion contrasts with a long red cloak; when bright blue is by the side of bright green, and when, above all, the long cloaks of spotless white worn by the Arabs are seen everywhere, then one begins to breathe something of the old world romance which haunts the narrow streets. The varied play of color pleases the eye, and the sensuous glow of the afternoon makes a man contented with his lot. Now and then an Italian will stroll along, but the presence of Europeans in this part of the town is rare, and is only the cause of some mild curiosity on the part of the natives.

Tunis, with an interesting and varied history, has been over-shadowed in the world's eyes by its famous neighbor, Carthage. Nobody can say when the city was founded. But there is little doubt it was in existence when Dido

came from Phœnicia. Certainly it has survived Carthage twelve centuries and more. The Tunisians, as far back as knowledge can probe, have ever been the most notorious of pirates. Probably a Berber village at first, it was raised to opulence as the result of frequent pillaging. Musa, the conqueror of Spain, equipped a fleet here, we know; the range of his freebooting was from one end of the Mediterranean to the other, and I recollect reading somewhere that he captured slaves to the number of three hundred thousand.

It was about the twelfth century the place rose to the dignity of an independent principality. But the added dignity put no restraint on the marauding tendencies of its inhabitants. For three centuries sacking and slaughter was their chief occupation, and many must have been the stirring fights out beyond the limpid blue bay, with the accompaniment of dark and terrible deeds of which there is now not the vestige of a record. No house in Spain, within distance of the coast, was free from piratical depredations, and no doubt the towers that rear on every promontory were built as lookouts for the coming of the raven-prowed galleys. So daring were the pirates that they even ventured as far as the North Sea in search of booty and slaves.

For long Italy and France had their eyes on Tunis as land for colonization, but the Gauls out-manceuvred the Romans, and now France has a firm and settled hold on the place, and has indeed done a great amount to improve it. The climate is pleasant. I was told that the country is rich in mineral wealth, and you have only to wander a little beyond the city walls to see a luxuriant growth of olives, figs, oranges, lemons, almonds, and pomegranates. Generally speaking, however, the country struck me as dreadfully parched and barren. And yet it really cannot be so, for, although Tunis has now to import its grain, Constantine assigned it as the granary of Rome.

An eastern night invariably brings

with it an aroma of romance. The sky is as clear and as blue as a silken canopy spangled with silver and illuminated by the sheen of a burnished moon. When the heat of the day has softened in delicious and fragrant warmth, when all the filth of the lanes, the decrepid gables and rude casements assume a soft glory in the gleaming moonlight, when indeed nothing confronts the eye but what is suggestive and dreamlike, you feel you have been wafted out of your own land into a land of spices, of love-songs, and infinite delight. No sentinel lamps are stationed at set intervals to mark the way. Where the shafts of the moon do not penetrate all is black darkness, often indeed accentuated by the flickering glimmer of some pale light set within the recesses of some tomb-like gateway. A wonderful stillness hangs over the city. Then, as you tread the path between high houses, you are attracted by the soft twang of a stringed instrument and the cadenced song of some Arab woman.

It was the sudden hearing of some such lullaby when I wandered the deserted streets that flooded my soul with romance and stirred my heart to a gallop. And then further on, down maybe some alley, one would happen upon a café—so dirty and dingy and forbidding it might appear in the light of day—but now with the swinging lamps, the air misty with smoke, the tinsel turned to gorgeousness, it is inviting and seductive. It is full of rich-robed Arabs idling through the evening hour. Velled women are singing, and a girl who is not velled, slim, agile, with hot lips and flashing eyes, is gliding through a stately dance.

Some day, I suppose, under the rule of strangers, Tunis will change. It will forget its quaint customs and adopt the utilitarian. And though good comes with the change, how many of us will regret the departure of picturesque scenes which will then only cling to the memory like a page from a wonderful story read in a shadowy past!

JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

